Thumbs Up on SALT • Still Struggling With Desegregation
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 5, 1979 Price One Dollar

The Power, The Glory, The Media, The Men, The Money, The Irony, The Symbols, America, The Meaning of It All, Oh What a Big Deal This Is

David Halberstam. Halberstam, that was what everybody called him (after all, it was his name). They always said what Halberstam needed was a good editor, his sentences ran on and on, he piled phrase upon phrase and clause upon clause, he used commas the way other men used periods. He was writing about the important themes, the crucial themes, the big brilliant intelligent men and their glistening, scintillating power, and he didn't have time to polish, didn't need to take out the extra words, the repetitions, other men could do that, not Halberstam.

For he was writing about power. Big power. American power. He had written *The Best and the Brightest* and that had been about Vietnam but it had really been about power, why men wanted it and how they used it and how even with their immense power they had lost the war. It had been a good book, *The Best and the Brightest*, because it said that Vietnam was not an aberration, a mistake, perpetrated by insane generals; no, it had been a war entered into consciously, very consciously, by men who were smarter and tougher than anyone else; no, not a mistake at all (though years later, looking back, they would admit to their

[*continued on page 29*]

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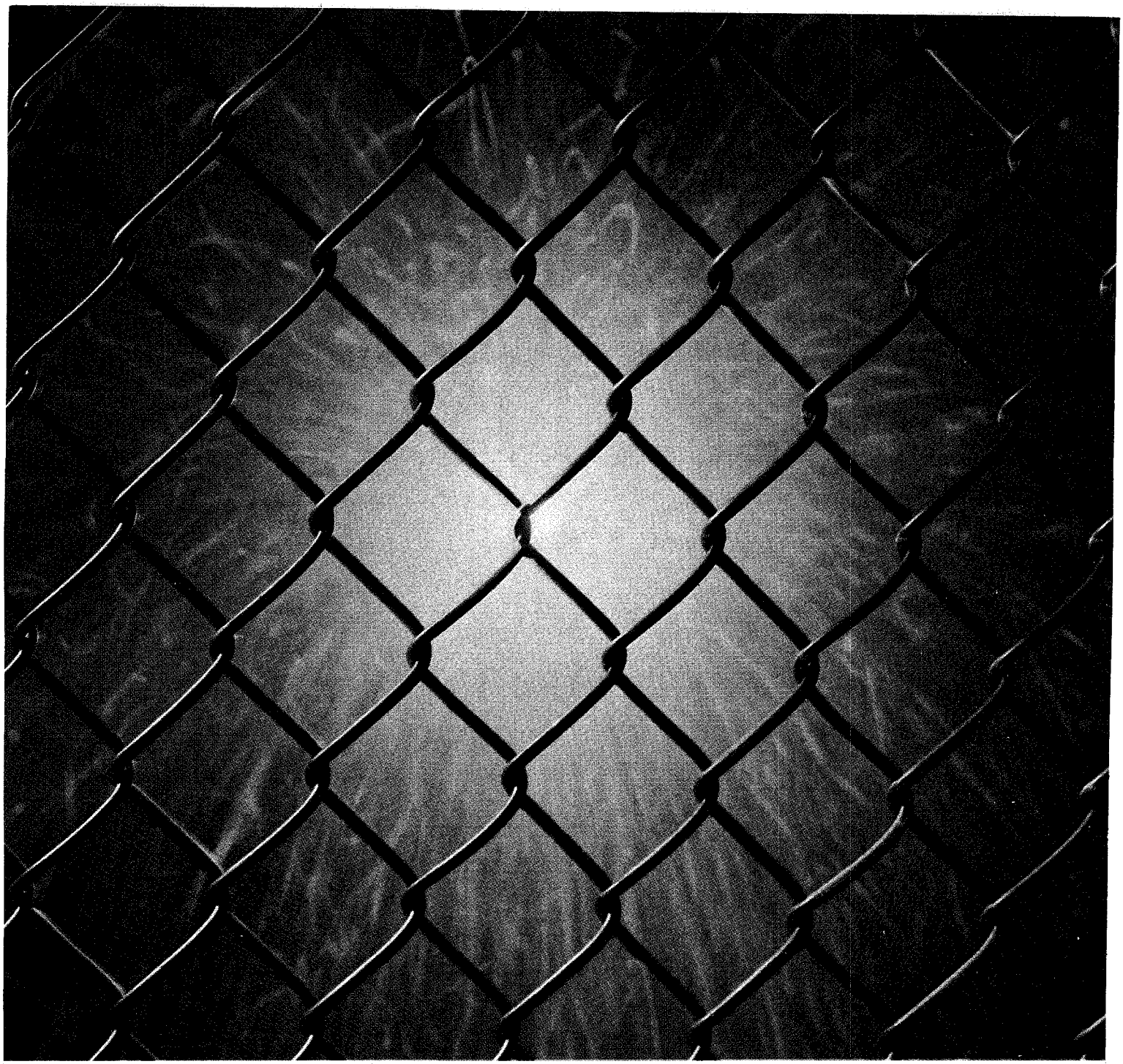

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TRB

from Washington
May 5, 1979

The Apple of Knowledge

In the old days business cycles were just left to nature. Then came Keynes. Now we still don't know how to control business cycles very well but we do know how to interfere so as to produce a good-sized boom or recession. We have nibbled at the apple of knowledge and, as with Adam and Eve, it has caused a hell of a lot of complications. Take the present situation.

By cheapening credit the Federal Reserve System can probably continue the current business expansion for a while. By contracting credit it can probably bring recession at once. And it plays its role against a dramatic background that can be reduced to this formula: Mild recession now . . . recovery in 1980 . . . reelect President Carter. No recession now . . . slump in 1980 . . . defeat President Carter.

It is true that the White House still insists that no recession is likely but very few economists agree. They ask how soon and how severe? And the relation between Carter and the present Federal Reserve Board flies in the face of what has been accepted as the established order of things. As Arthur Burns, pipe-smoking chairman of the Fed, put it pithily to a congressional committee way back in July 1971: "The rules of economics are not working in quite the way they used to!" Exactly so. And never did.

What Burns complained of eight years ago was that despite substantial unemployment, wages didn't come down; and despite idle factories, "prices continue to rise sharply." Yes, he said, the situation "shouts warnings!" Today a new anomaly has been added; it was always supposed that any Democratic administration would by nature fight to continue cheap money and that any Federal Reserve Board would fight to slam on the brakes. Just the opposite now; in the past few weeks Treasury Secretary Blumenthal, supported by presidential economist Charles Schultze and inflation adviser Alfred Kahn, have urged the Fed to tighten interest rates. Instead of agreeing, Fed Chairman G. William Miller, a Carter appointee, in surprisingly frank statements, says, wait a bit, the economy may be slowing down by itself. To prove his point he notes that the total output of goods and services in the first quarter this year was down to a petty 0.7 percent annual rate, compared to a full seven percent in the quarter before that. Has the contraction already begun?

People say of economics they can't understand the stuff. More and more, things in Washington you can't understand. The supreme example is SALT. It is stupefyingly technical. A poor second in this field, I guess, is inflation. Yet inflation remains the most important domestic issue in the nation. The business cycle can elect a president (Coolidge), disgrace another (Hoover). It can put men to work or send them out with beggars' cups. It can decide whether wives keep their supplementary jobs to fight inflation and whether their husbands can pay installments on the new car. Are people in debt? Right up to the ears! Americans are currently spending about one-quarter of their disposable income on repayment of mortgage and installment debt. A recession could be quite serious for a nation living beyond its means. A mild downturn now might be better for Carter in the long run (though he wouldn't admit it) than a steeper one later on.

A lot depends on timing. There was that example in March 1960, when Arthur Burns, then a professor at Columbia, quietly came down to Washington to warn Vice President Nixon that a recession was brewing and would reach a peak just before the election. Couldn't he get Ike to work on Fed Chairman William McChesney Martin to stimulate the economy? No, he couldn't. Burns was right, the bottom of the recession came in October: "All the speeches, television broadcasts and precinct-work in the world could not counteract that one hard fact," wrote Nixon in *Six Crises*.

Some presidents have manipulated the economy; others haven't. The most dramatic success was Kennedy, who took the advice of Walter Heller and, in spite of budget deficit, asked for a $13-billion tax cut in 1963, finally enacted in 1964. There were howls of disapproval, but it worked. It permitted recovery to full employment.

But then LBJ showed how much harder it is to get a tax increase than a tax cut. What caused our present inflation? Lyndon Johnson and Vietnam and a Democratic Congress started it. LBJ thought we could fight Vietnam and have the Great Society at the same time: guns and butter, too. Vietnam would be easily won: there would be "no unbearable burden on our resources." The Reserve Board sent up distress signals. But the situation needed fiscal brakes (higher taxes). Johnson was afraid of higher taxes. He concealed the cost of Vietnam: rigged the budget estimates. At a time of full employment and strained factories he demanded more spending, the equivalent of pushing down the accelerator on Breakneck Hill. In an open rift with Johnson, the Fed under William McChesney Martin raised the discount rate in 1965. The result was dramatic: a credit crunch, the end of the boom, inflation slowed, and a reluctant nation suddenly felt war costs. Johnson finally asked Congress for a quickie income tax surcharge. No, said Wilbur Mills. Was Congress unpatriotic? Perhaps, but feeling the same distaste as the present Congress in failing to act on Carter's emergency energy package for a year and a half. The delay in 1967 was for a year and a half, too, and Congress finally enacted the tax in the summer of 1968. That helped to give us Nixon.

I have gotten a long way away from Jimmy Carter. His voluntary guidelines aren't working; he has turned down mandatory controls, the budget isn't balanced and the increase in consumer prices is at a current annual rate of 13 percent. Not a cheerful prospect. President Carter has about 18 months before the election. He might well use the time to accept a mild recession and perhaps turn it around into a strong recovery. His friend Bill Miller, chairman of the Fed, might help more by tightening money than by postponing the showdown.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 5, 1979

We Support SALT

We begin a deadly serious subject with a fantasy:

> *WHEELING, W.Va. (AP)—Senator Jack D. Ripper, the retired NATO commander, today announced his candidacy for president in 1984, accusing the administration of 'blindness bordering on treason' for 'letting Russia gain decisive nuclear superiority' over the US. He said the administration had 'ignored secret studies showing the Soviets are hiding thousands and thousands of new-type super-missiles with up to 40 warheads each.' Administration sources discounted reports of such Soviet activity, but Ripper claimed the studies show big, new missiles are being hidden 'in caves, under tarpaulins, in wells, wherever the Soviets can conceal them.' He declared, 'America faces a survival gap' and called for drastic cuts in social spending to support a $350-billion 'crash' defense and civil defense program. 'Every American should pledge to "Beat Russia, Save America,"' Ripper declared to the cheers and chants of thousands. 'Those who won't can only be suspected of wanting Russia to beat us. . . .'*

It is a fantasy that the dizzy Air Force colonel in *Dr. Strangelove* could rise to be a general, NATO commander, senator and presidential contender and would announce his candidacy in the same city where Joseph McCarthy began witch-hunting for subversives in 1950. But it is not fantasy—rather, it is history—that when the United States does not know what the Soviet Union is doing in nuclear weaponry, it begins fearing the worst, and then believes it. "Secret studies" in the 1950s and early 1960s gave us "bomber gaps" and "missile gaps" that didn't exist. Officials who discounted the studies were branded as blind and weak. Expensive defense and civil defense programs were instituted on a crisis basis. And in the cold war environment, fear of the Soviet Union did lead to loyalty tests, pledges and other civil liberties depredations.

Could it happen again? Perhaps not exactly as before, but we suspect that Senate defeat of the forthcoming SALT 2 treaty with the Soviet Union *would* lead to worst-case assumptions about Soviet capabilities and intentions, expensive compensatory US programs and a poisonous political environment both internationally and at home. To avoid these consequences—and, above all, to avoid stumbling into cold war and nuclear war—we favor ratification of the treaty. The full text of the treaty is not yet available (though most details are) and we do not rule out the possibility that the ratification debate could turn up decisively damaging new information. But on the basis of what we know, we think the treaty—though far from providing the US absolute security—is much better than no treaty at all.

The main virtue of SALT is that it provides a base line for judging what the Soviets are up to. It establishes rules for what they can build and what they can't. If the treaty is ratified, the Soviets (and we) will be bound to limit our total number of strategic launch vehicles (missiles and bombers) to 2400 at first, and then to 2250 by the end of 1981. The treaty contains separate limits for missiles equipped with multiple warheads and specific, detailed prohibitions

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against building new heavy missiles, increasing the number of warheads each missile can carry and developing more than one new kind of missile between now and 1985. Moreover, the treaty forbids interference with our ability to verify Soviet missile developments by satellite and electronic ground stations. So we will know how many strategic weapons the Soviet Union is supposed to have, and of what type. If we find they have anything that is more and different, we can accuse them of cheating and (if it comes to that) threaten to renounce, or actually renounce, the treaty. But without a treaty, there will be no standards, no limits, no rules against concealment. We would have to assume the worst about what they were doing, and we would assume the worst. The Soviets probably are capable of building 3000 or 4000 strategic delivery vehicles, and equipping their biggest rockets with as many as 40 separate hydrogen bombs. How would we know they hadn't done so? How would we know we shouldn't do the same? We wouldn't know.

Objections will be raised—indeed, they have been raised already—that the Soviets can't be trusted to keep their agreements, that the revolution in Iran has impaired our ability to check on Soviet compliance and that (regardless of the theoretical merits of SALT) the specific terms of the new agreement are disadvantageous to the United States and our allies. Dovish critics complain that the SALT II agreement doesn't really limit arms at all, but simply establishes new rules for arms-racing. And hawks charge that SALT, and the detente policy of which is a part, serve to cloud the mind and sap the will of the West in the face of Soviet hegemonism. We take all these objections seriously, but we believe that the SALT treaty can survive them.

Let us begin with politics. We judge the Soviet Union to be an imperialist totalitarian state, a scourge of liberty and humane values everywhere, a menace to the West both militarily and politically. We judge that Soviet leaders, having advanced to their posts by stealth, guile and ruthlessness, are not to be trusted by people and nations who revere law and common decency. We look at Soviet gulags, death camps and psychiatric torture centers, and at Soviet barbarism in Czechoslovakia and Hungary and we have a picture of what the world would be like if the Soviet system prevailed. We do not doubt that if the Soviet Union could attain military superiority over the United States, it would try to exploit it, as it has exploited our post-Vietnam political vulnerabilities in Africa and the Middle East. We regard the Soviet Union as America's adversary—no, as our enemy. And yet, we do have a common interest in the survival of mankind. We do not believe that the Soviet leadership, however murderous, is suicidal. Sometimes it is said that the Soviets lost 20 million people in World War II, and that they might endure comparable casualties to control the world in World War III. But US nuclear power is capable of inflicting hundreds of millions of casualties, just as Soviet nuclear power could do in the United States. So we have a basis on which to talk, to limit nuclear weaponry and to establish a minimal level of understanding.

Would the Soviets cheat on SALT if they could? We believe they would. If Soviet compliance were not subject to US verification, we would oppose the treaty. Loss of two electronic tracking stations in Iran does seem to have impaired somewhat the US ability to monitor Soviet missile tests, but administration officials say that we still have adequate ability to verify SALT using satellites, ground stations in Turkey and Alaska, spy ships at sea and intelligence aircraft. The *Baltimore Sun* last week reported that without the Iran sites the US had successfully monitored two test firings of Soviet SS-18 missiles all the way from their launching at Tyuratam, in the southwest Soviet Union, to Kamchatka Peninsula on the Pacific coast. The Soviets have tried to encode the signals sent from their test missiles back to base—so-called "telemetry"—but the SALT agreement supposedly will prohibit any coding that impairs verification. American officials seem confident that the US could detect any attempt to cheat. The Soviets supposedly have exploited every possible loophole and ambiguity in earlier arms limitation agreements but they have not been found brazenly violating treaty terms. The strongest, most sophisticated opponents of SALT, including former deputy defense secretary Paul Nitze, do not regard the verification issue as decisive. Rather, it seems to be a refuge for senators who do not want to trouble themselves digging into the details of missile numerology. It is remotely possible that verification loopholes could be uncovered in the forthcoming debate. If they are, they should be closed. But the most serious objections to SALT do not lie here.

The most serious criticism of SALT is that it will place the US and its allies at a strategic disadvantage against the Soviet Union. Even though the agreement calls for both sides to have equal numbers of strategic launch vehicles, and even though the US has and will continue to have more nuclear warheads, Nitze and his allies argue that the crucial difference between the US and Soviet arsenals is in the payload of their land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles. In the 1960s, because of superior technology, the United States decided to build small, highly accurate ICBMs, whereas the Soviets, lacking US capabilities, built big, heavy missiles. The US pioneered in multiple, independently-targeted warheads (MIRV), and super accuracy. Each US Minuteman III ICBM contains three warheads; our Trident I submarine missiles have eight warheads and MX missiles, if we choose to build them, will have 10. Minuteman missiles can be fired

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Correspondence

Cosmology and ethics

To the editors:

Does Mr. Fairlie really believe that "our cosmology determines . . . the ethical injunctions that we will obey and therefore the political action into which we translate them"? ("By Jupiter!" *TNR*, April 7). I wonder whether he would be good enough to illustrate this, especially if "determines" is taken in a logical sense. Does the ethical injunction "it is wrong to bear false witness" lose its validity with the shift from the Ptolemaic to the Newtonian cosmology? Does the Einsteinian universe have any bearing whatsoever on the validity of democracy in contradistinction to other political alternatives?

Mr. Fairlie, in support of his view, quotes Merleau-Ponty's contention that metaphysical truths have a logical bearing on ethical and political truth. In 1948 at the home of H. J. Kaplan in Paris, Merleau-Ponty vigorously defended against my criticisms the validity of the Moscow Trials a decade earlier. In subsequent years he changed his views about these trials without abandoning his philosophical positions that I for one regard as no better "than the maunderings of a Teilhard de Chardin." They had nothing to do with the case.

Sidney Hook
Stanford, California

The morality of energy use and abuse

To the editors:

In S.C.'s sour evaluation of his Christian fellows (Washington Diarist, *TNR*, March 24), I find more caricature than serious comment on a deep disagreement within the religious community. This disagreement centers on the role of the religious commandment of love of neighbor in shaping the believer's politics and involvement in political action.

S.C., in an incisive oversimplification, is clearly correct in thinking that no theological argument could conclude to an appropriate setting of a thermostat. Yet few concrete decisions and actions are purely religious, any more than they are purely technical or political. Political and technical realities shape the active expression of religious beliefs and, in turn, religious beliefs provide a basis for judging the implicit values and effects of political and technical activity.

Waste of energy, either in meeting legitimate needs or because of gluttonous tendencies, is causing serious harm to many people in the US and around the world. We begin to talk of defending our oil interests abroad. Yet it is wasteful consumption that creates this dependence on foreign resources and allows fuel prices to stay at inflated and inflationary levels.

While biological and technical considerations relate human needs to thermostat settings, it is the religious imperative that leads the believer to cease his/her wasteful consumption in recognition of the needs of the neighbor. The Interfaith Coalition on Energy hopes to awaken consciences to the morality of energy use and abuse.

William H. Millerd, SJ
Interfaith Coalition on Energy
Washington, DC

Eccentric artist

To the editors:

I agree with your article "Cultural Imperialism" (*TNR*, April 21) that the Smithsonian Institution should not buy the portraits of George and Martha Washington from the Boston Athenaeum.

You forget to mention the most important reason of all, however. They cost five million dollars, and Mr. Stuart hasn't even finished them yet. We all know that artists are eccentric, but this is too much, and I don't think the American taxpayer should have to pay that kind of money unless he does.

James Hardin
Washington, DC

Depleting oil sources

To the editors:

Your editorial, "The Moral Equivalent of Verdun" (*TNR*, April 14), is the most realistic assessment I have seen of our national energy situation, but it fails to mention what may be the justification for an important aspect of our apparently insane national energy policy. The reasoning (which I have never seen in print, nor heard discussed) proceeds from the obvious truism that eventually the world's supply of oil will be depleted. As we approach this situation, oil will become more and more valuable. It is thus in the national interest to deplete foreign oil sources first. Thus we are relying heavily on them now and are waiting until the world is closer to oil depletion to encourage further development here. Then oil will be more valuable and we will have a larger proportion of it.

In this view, it is in the national interest to delay development of our oil resources as long as possible. Perhaps some of our policymakers entertain this view, but feel they cannot enunciate it for fear of the effect this would have on foreign oil producers.

Marshall E. Deutsch
Sudbury, Massachusetts

Dry cleaning

To the editors:

Mary Louise Weber must have had her tongue in cheek for the piece "Add Water and Stir." If so, I hope she has gotten her jollies, because I'm sure that the present crop of eco-nuts will take her quite seriously.

We are a lazy bunch, and very apt to take the bottom line on any startling group of figures, such as when the present crop of Wombats in Australia will run out of grass, and how many tons of what kind of dirt will fall on New Jersey during 1979. Who wants to find out about all those tedious details, anyway? Besides, my mind's made up and figures give me a headache!

If, perchance, Mary Louise was serious, where and in whose bathroom did she get the shower time and shower gallonage she used as a base for water used? I wouldn't say she's all wet, because she seems to be promoting "dry cleaning."

There is a simpler solution than recycled piss and two plumbing systems. Just revive the old chamber pot and the outdoor cesspool or "sink" in use since the dawn of history.

John A. Fletcher
Director, St. Paul's Como Zoo
St. Paul, Minnesota

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thousands of miles and their warheads directed to land within 600 feet of their targets.

The Soviets still trail the US in miniaturization and accuracy. But Nitze's point is that by 1985 they will have caught up; and because their missiles are so much bigger than ours, they may have some 6200 warheads mounted on land-based ICBMs to our 2100. The importance of this is that, theoretically, the Soviet Union could fire one-third of its missiles at us, destroy all of our land-based missiles, and have two-thirds left in reserve to attack American cities in the event the United States retaliated with sea-based missiles, bombers or cruise missiles. Because of submarine and bomber advantages, the US currently has double the total warheads that the Soviets do; in 1985 we will have 12,000 compared to the Soviets' 8000. But SALT critics contend that the vulnerability of land-based ICBMs is decisive. If they were destroyed in a Soviet first strike, a US president would have to decide whether to attack Soviet cities, knowing US cities would be destroyed in return, or surrender.

Actually, Nitze and others do not think matters would ever arrive at this pass. Rather, they say, the mere *perception* of Soviet ICBM superiority will be enough to cause the US to back away from confrontation in potential crises, to make the Soviets bolder and to cause third countries to lean toward the Soviet side. Coupled with acknowledged Soviet superiority in conventional weapons, SALT critics argue, this strategic advantage means that another Cuban missile crisis or a new Soviet threat to intervene in the Middle East would end in Soviet victory.

We find all this very far-fetched, but serious people take it seriously, and so we are forced to. We find it far-fetched to suppose that the Soviets could contemplate staging or threatening a simultaneous surgical surprise strike on 1000 US missile sites. How could they be sure all their missiles would work? How could they assume the US side could tell the difference, amid all the fireballs and dying, between a "surgical" attack on US missiles and a full-scale attack on the US? How could they be sure the president wouldn't order a massive retaliatory barrage before the Soviet missiles ever hit?

And yet, the fact is that US land-based missiles will become increasingly vulnerable to Soviet attack, at least theoretically, and the US, in prudence, is called upon to do something about it. But this does not require abandoning SALT. It does not necessarily even require building MX missiles, which—with 10 warheads each—arguably would give the United States the same first-strike capability against Soviet land-based missiles that they might gain against ours. It does require that we be able to move and hide our missiles, so that the Soviets can't hit them. How to do this is being studied by the Pentagon, though the study is proceeding too slowly and is caught up in inter-service rivalry. Placing missiles on barges on the Great Lakes, coastal waters and inland waterways probably is the cheapest method, but what's important is for the administration to decide on one mobility arrangement and get on to building it.

There are three more major objections to SALT. One arises from a protocol lasting until the end of 1981 that is separate from the SALT treaty (which lasts through 1985), but also is legally binding. America's European allies, who favor SALT in general, are concerned that protocol restrictions on ground-based cruise missiles will be extended beyond 1981, thereby denying them the ability to develop this new unmanned-airplane technology for their own defense. The Soviet Union has a heavy advantage over NATO in so-called "theater" nuclear weapons and keeps adding to its arsenal. The *New York Times* reports that the Soviets are adding short-range SS-21 missiles to their formidable supply of intermediate-range SS-20s. Neither of these is covered by SALT. Soviet Backfire bombers, also excluded from the treaty (in a trade allowing us to build cruise missiles), may or may not be a strategic threat to the United States, but they certainly threaten Europe. It is important that the Carter administration give every assurance to our allies that they will be adequately protected—if not by negotiations leading to Soviet arms reductions, then by full development of air defenses, intermediate missiles and cruise missiles. The US also must fulfill its obligations to modernize NATO conventional weapons. The Carter administration seriously faltered in its on-again, off-again mishandling of the neutron bomb decision. That weapon should be deployed to counter Soviet tank power, and the US must act in a way that will assure Europe that we understand the threat the Soviets pose.

Some SALT critics, led by Senator George McGovern, contend that the treaty doesn't limit arms at all, and that the Carter administration, to win ratification, has agreed to build enough new weapons to erase any arms control effects the treaty might have had. We can dispose of this quickly by asking McGovern to ask the Soviets why they refused to negotiate on the basis of President Carter's March 1977 "deep cuts" proposal, which would have made significant inroads in the arsenals on both sides. Also, we would point out that the new SALT agreement contains a non-binding statement of principles calling for negotiations toward a permanent treaty that cuts back nuclear arms.

Some SALT opponents claim that the US should not conclude agreements with the Soviets when they are bent on world domination, when they encourage coups and Cuban interventions in Africa and the Middle East, and are expanding their naval and conventional military power world-wide. SALT, it is said, should be linked to Soviet good behavior elsewhere in the world. Obviously, there is a level of

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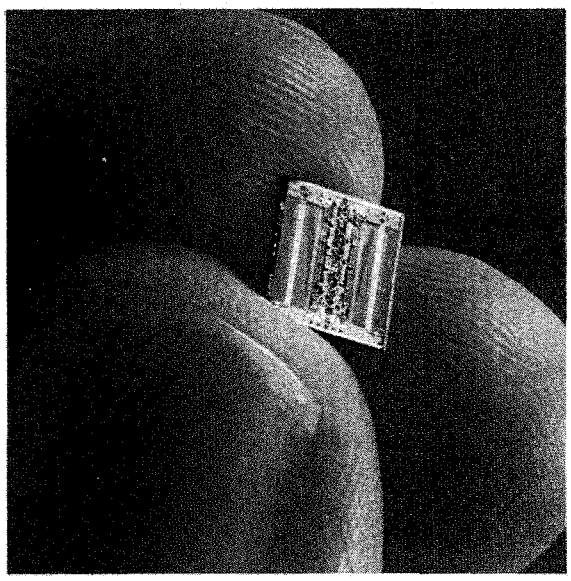

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Soviet action—say, a cross-border invasion of another country—which would so seriously damage US-Soviet relations that we could not contemplate an arms agreement, when a return to the cold war would be appropriate. In the absence of that, however, we should combat Soviet interference with politics, foreign aid, diplomacy, persuasion—and, if necessary, covert action and even military action. The Senate should not defeat SALT because the Soviets are up to no good. It is *because* they are up to no good that we need SALT—to insure that we know what they are doing in the most dangerous area of our relationship.

White House Watch

Keeping 'em Honest

The official summary of Jimmy Carter's campaign promises understated and elided to the point of deception his pledges to promote "open and honest government" by, among other things, locking what he called "the revolving door." In the part of the summary headed "open and honest government" there is not a single reference to his frequent undertakings to restrict and, his campaign hearers must have thought, halt the practice of former government officials representing private clients before agencies the officials had worked for or indeed before any federal agencies. At the White House on October 26, 1978, when he signed the Ethics in Government Act that implemented his campaign promises on this score, he boasted that the new law fulfilled "my own original proposal," made it harder for former government officials to "enrich themselves" by using for private employers "influence recently derived from government service" and closed "the revolving door that has been so significantly abused in the past." Then and when he proposed the law in May 1977, he indicated no awareness that his campaign rhetoric and the statutory restrictions that flowed from it could make serious trouble for him, his administration and the federal service. Now friendly members of Congress, notably Senator Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut and Representative George Danielson of California, are trying to minimize the trouble with amendments that the Senate has passed and the House must pass very soon if the worries of valued officials and consultants who may otherwise resign are to be effectively allayed before the 1978 law as written takes effect July 1.

The parties responsible for the trouble and the peril to the federal service are Jimmy Carter and Congress. During the 1976 post-election transition John L. Moore Jr., an Atlanta lawyer who is one of Carter's many overlooked Georgians in Washington and chairman of the US Export-Import Bank, drafted the "revolving door" restrictions that embodied Carter's campaign pledges and with little change were enacted by Congress in the 1978 ethics law. The law was drafted in the Office of Management and Budget, presumably with the knowledge of one of the chief objectors to parts of it, Associate Director Bowman Cutter. Moore's proposals, Carter's pledges and the enacted law also required more disclosure of senior officials' financial assets and income than had been previously required. The restrictions on the labors of federal officials and consultants after they leave federal employment make the problem. I don't weep for these people. Some of the 1978 and earlier restrictions are unduly severe and they should be eased. But I really don't see department and agency heads and senior subordinates drawing base pay of $44,756 to $66,000 plus perks, and consultants and other "temporaries" getting up to $400 and more per day, plus perks and on-job expenses, leaving the government in alarming numbers. The problem nevertheless is real. Its history illuminates the perceptions and defects of the early Carter White House establishment and the difficulties of belated repair when Congress has to do the repairing.

It dawned on Carter, White House Counsel Robert Lipshutz, and others around him that the 1978 law could drive useful officials out of government and prevent desirable prospects from taking federal office well after the law was passed and signed. The major alarms were sounded at HEW, the Department of Defense, the National Institutes of Health, the National Science Foundation, and the Securities and Exchange Commission, with muted moans from the OMB. Three resultant White House amendments were drafted mainly by associate counsel Michael Cardozo and Bernhardt Wruble, a 37-year-old New York lawyer, deputy general counsel of the Army and first director of the Office of Government Ethics, a position and office created by the 1978 law. The amendments reflect the main causes of alarm. One of the 1978 provisions would have made a former senior official who *ever* "knowingly represents or aids, counsels, advises, consults or assists in representing" a private employer before a federal agency in any matter in which the official participated "personally and substantially" while in government office subject to criminal prosecution. The amended provision would only forbid the former official's "personal presence" at a federal proceeding in such a matter. He could write a brief, in short, but he couldn't sign it. Another 1978 provision, specifically promised in the campaign and recommended by Carter, extended from one to two years after leaving government a previous ban on representing a private client or employer in a matter for which the official had general though not necessarily specific responsibility. An administration

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amendment would limit this two-year ban to representation in matters in which the former official had actually participated. A 1978 provision strongly opposed by the Defense Department would have subjected military officers from brigadier general up to all the limitations imposed upon senior civilian officials. The administration proposed to confine the arbitrary restriction to three-, four- and five-star generals, and let the new director of the Office of Government Ethics decide whether it should apply to particular one- and two-star generals. This official, presently the aforementioned Bernhardt Wruble, is given wide discretionary powers of judgment that go far to ameliorate the harsher sections of the 1978 act.

A fourth provision that elicited strong though more limited objection forbids any senior official, civilian or military, to have any dealings whatever with his or her former agency for one year after leaving federal employment. The fiercest objector to this restriction is the Securities and Exchange Commission. It holds that lawyers who work for it are either securities law specialists when they join it or become securities specialists while working for it and just couldn't make a living, poor fellows, if they were unable for a year or any subsequent period to represent clients at the SEC. Less specialized lawyers, including some White House lawyers, comfort themselves with two rather contrary arguments. First, good lawyers can always find lucrative private employment in or out of their special field. Second (so help me), the 1978 law at its harshest forbids nothing not already forbidden by the American Bar Association's Canons of Ethics.

Apart from such narrow objections as the SEC's, much of the demand for modification of the 1978 law and its predecessors—it's not really as if Jimmy Carter had invented a sin and the abolition of same—comes from HEW, DOD, the Department of Energy and other agencies that necessarily rely extensively upon scientists and similar specialists for full- or part-time service. HEW, the Department of Defense, and the National Science Foundation have testified to congressional committees or otherwise indicated that the pending administration amendments, if enacted, will resolve the major problems. At OMB, possibly affected senior officials ask how one distinguishes between "particular matters" and general responsibility in budget decisions and the consequences of those decisions. Even if the administration amendments are enacted, which seems likely at this writing, these and similar questions remain open and subject to interpretation, in most instances by the Office of Government Ethics. It's not a totally comforting prospect for such officials as Cutter and his boss, OMB Director James T. McIntyre Jr. They would (or should) agree that they aren't there to be kept comfortable. Under Secretary Hale Champion of HEW and Deputy Secretary Charles Duncan of DOD, two of the most vociferous complainants on their own and their departments' behalf, tell Congress that they will be content and will stay in government if the administration-Ribicoff-Danielson amendments are adopted.

Note: My reference last week to NSC assistant Jessica Mathew's resignation was unjust to her. She never wanted and would not have accepted an assignment that I was told she wanted and was denied before she quit. Like others around the White House and elsewhere, she found that an initially interesting and stimulating job turned dull and routine. That's all—well, nearly all—there is to it and I should have said so without a hint of doubt. There will be other departures from the NSC. Reginald Bartholomew, the chief Soviet expert, is succeeding Leslie Gelb at the head of the State Department's politico-military affairs bureau. China specialist Michel Oksenberg, having seen normalization through, is returning eventually though not right away to the University of Michigan. Zbigniew Brzezinski's personal assistant, Rick Inderfurth, has quit to become deputy director of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff. Mary Schuman, the domestic policy staff's transportation deregulation specialist, is quitting for personal reasons—after July 1, just so nobody will think she's ducking the ethics law's restrictions. While correcting stupid errors, I may as well add that Leslie Denend of NSC is an Air Force and not an Army Lieutenant Colonel.

John Osborne

A murky message from the Zimbabwean people.

Rhodesian Shadows

As befits a chapter of a history of moralistic controversy, if not of moral clarity, foreign observers saw last week's election in Rhodesia, with its nearly 65 percent turnout, from sharply different vantage points. Observing the carefully organized vote for New York's Freedom House Foundation, former congressman Allard Lowenstein and civil rights leader Bayard Rustin pronounced the election freer than most in the third world, and no occasion, as Rustin put it, for "high and mighty" judgment from Washington, whose politicians tend to be installed by a substantially smaller show of the electorate. More distant observers like the State Department, on the other hand, finding nothing in the victory of Bishop Abel Muzorewa that is likely to ease either the war or the white minority's

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hold on the country, renewed their faith in the Anglo-US policy with its insistence on an all-parties conference. The black losers in the election charged "appalling" irregularities, the guerrillas of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo vowed to go on fighting, and the *New York Times* editorial board disdained everything as a "wholly unattractive" display of hypocrisy and sanctimony in the face of the sort of international ambiguity the *Times* often appreciates best.

This confusion of well-meaning certainties, of course, is typical of the Rhodesian problem. For 15 years it has been a kind of diplomatic Rashomon, satisfying the expectations and images while somehow continuing to frustrate the policy prescriptions of a long run of editorial writers and governments. It may be true, for example, as its critics charge, that the election will not stop the guerrilla war between the Patriotic Front forces in Zambia and Mozambique and the new regime. Too much is still at stake for both sides and for their Soviet and South African patrons. Nor will it now destroy Rhodesia's stubborn social racism (far different and more benign than South Africa's), the economic oppression of blacks, or the white control of the military, police, courts and civil service for the next five years at least—all nicely lodged prior to the election in the absolute constitutional veto of the 28 whites-only seats in the new parliament of 100. However impressive the form of the election itself, it is not the sort of political-institutional setting that Bayard Rustin would wish for his constituency, or Allard Lowenstein for his various old districts. Yet the frailty or putative failure of the new tightly bound black regime certainly will not naturally lead to some democratic deliverance by the guerrillas. Though outsiders generally recoil from the prospect, especially those liberals who find themselves morally invested with Messrs. Nkomo and Mugabe for the racist enemies they've made, sooner or later the country probably stands to be ruled by a somewhat tawdry, harsh and unstable tribal dictatorship, whatever faction inherits unalloyed black power.

The election has not done much either, alas, to change some similarly unseemly realities beneath the moral veneer of American policy toward Rhodesia. Whether Washington is some day going to be with the winners or losers in Salisbury, its diplomacy for the moment is still in hock to third parties for reasons sometimes far afield from racial justice in central Africa. To the British, as so often in the past, we seem to owe the loyalty of a permanent diplomatic ally, however perishable the Anglo-American plan or the Labour government in London that pushed it. But most of all, there are the African states which, with all the willfulness and venom of post-colonial diplomacy, would visit the misery of their own worst temptations on us should we be among the first to breach sanctions against Rhodesia. Nigerian oil, UN votes, South African issues, and Soviet arson in Africa being what they are, these are what the diplomats call practical restraints on US policy, regardless of State Department opinion on the Rhodesian election. Those considerations—and the undifferentiated blessing it would surely give the shifting but still racist status quo in Rhodesia—are what make the current US congressional effort to drop sanctions on the strength of the election alone so mistaken. In that rush to reward the event, we would almost certainly lose its own fragile possibilities, as well as our own vestige of influence with any of the parties. No single action would so unite the rest of black Africa against the negotiated solution. None would so harden the Rhodesian white nullifiers, so drive the new regime into the arms of South Africa, so isolate or dispirit the black voters and politicians who participated in the election as a beginning rather than a white-controlled end of the political process of independence.

A decent and sensible American response to the Rhodesian vote should begin by making clear our abiding purpose and hope for that country: no more bloodshed and violence for its people, already tortured by war and racial oppression, and the opportunity to govern themselves, however uncertain or disappointing their fate may be at their own hands. Getting back to basics may be essential, if only because there has been of late, even before the election's impressive turnout, a sense of bureaucratic inertia and anachronism about the Carter administration's policy. There is no merit in the alleged Brzezinski view that the US commitment to majority rule rests only on the ignorance or sufferance of some racial/cold war silent majority here at home. The policy will not have run its course, as our national security adviser has been quoted as saying, "when white nuns being raped by black guerrillas wearing red stars on their arm bands began appearing on nightly television news." But it would be equally simplistic and damaging if Mr. Brzezinski's bureaucratic adversaries in the Vance State Department, the men whose Rhodesian policy of boycotting the interim regime and election still holds, were themselves in the grip of some irrelevant experience. The Patriotic Front is not, after all, the historically inevitable Vietcong of yesterday's imagination, and Bishop Muzorewa is not necessarily the doomed General Thieu, though the Vietnam-scarred veterans of Foggy Bottom seem prone sometimes to draw the parallel. Africa, as the Africans tirelessly tell and show us, is Africa, not our colonial or missionary or abolitionist preconception of it. It is, too often for the precisions and manipulations of diplomats, what Isak Dinesen saw only as "shadows on the grass."

Those "shadows" from the Rhodesian election may well turn ominous. As some opponents predict, the white officers of the army may now defect, rather

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than serve even their titular black bishop. The black military ranks may then disintegrate before the guerrillas, the invaders in turn may divide and fight on ancient tribal lines in a terrible civil war with no victors. But there are other possibilities as well. The vote itself was a heady experience for Rhodesia's vast black majority, from which political demands, sophistication and power can only grow at the expense of the tiny white parliamentary bloc. There was clearly a vote for peace and change, if not for a specific regime. Bishop Muzorewa, not the brightest or boldest of available leaders, nevertheless has a record of unifying the black electorate, as well as a record of making a shady accommodation with the whites. The election may provide him an opportunity to wrest swifter concessions than Ian Smith and the white minority have planned. Surely it is in everyone's interests that the remaining whites not flee the country.

The point in this moral and political morass is that for once it may just be best to do what the State Department usually does best (except for its uncharacteristic Rhodesian zeal)—to pause, to wait on events and personalities. We should absorb the cluttered reality of the election, not certainly to endorse a regime three-fourths black and one-fourth free, but not to presume either that Bishop Muzorewa and his fledgling government want to be rid of Ian Smith and company less than we. Against the tragic record and portent of Rhodesian history, this relatively peaceful vote may indeed become a last intimation of freedom, but to condemn it out of hand now may only help make it so. In the tempting weeks ahead, resolutions flying in the Congress and accusations aloft in diplomatic corridors, the United States should quietly keep to its ideals. We might ponder the situation, and do nothing reflexive or bureaucratic to damage whatever fragile, but still pulsing chance the election may have opened for peace, majority rule and human dignity for all races in Rhodesia.

Roger Morris

Pretenders to the Throne.

Quasi-Liberal Republican

When John Anderson announces his candidacy for the Republican nomination for president some time next month, the public reaction is likely to be deafening silence. Anderson, a Republican congressman from Rockford, Illinois, is a fairly powerful man on Capitol Hill, but to the rest of the country he is an unknown who is about to become one more entrant in a crowded field. Even in Washington, he still has not progressed beyond the "John Who?" stage in his campaign. Anderson may be making the same mistake made by Henry Jackson in 1976, by assuming that being a big shot on the Hill makes you a national figure known and respected by the millions. But like all the other dark horses in the race, Anderson sees Jimmy Carter as proof that an obscure politician written off by oddsmakers can capture the fancy of the American public.

None of this is to say that John Anderson wouldn't be a good president; he very well might be. He is a bright, articulate man with a clear sense of self and purpose. Unlike some of his Republican rivals, Anderson didn't decide he wanted to be president and then hire someone to decide what he should think. Anderson does his own thinking about the issues. His thoughtful independence is behind his disenchantment with Congress, and it's one reason why he's a poor bet to get the Republican nomination.

Anderson's decision to try for the White House derives from frustration as much as it does from overweening ambition. Since his election to Congress in 1960, Anderson has been identified as destined for great things. But for 20 years he's been always the bridesmaid and never the bride. When Everett Dirksen died in 1969, Anderson lobbied Illinois governor Richard Ogilvie to appoint him to the vacant Senate seat, but Ogilvie passed over Anderson for a lackluster state legislator named Ralph Smith, who was trounced by Adlai Stevenson III the following year. With that Senate seat filled and the other one occupied by a friend and fellow Republican, Charles Percy, Anderson went back to the slow process of accumulating influence in the House. In 1969 he had been elected chairman of the House Republican Conference—the third-ranking position in the minority leadership—and many Republicans expected him eventually to succeed Gerald Ford as party leader in the House.

If Anderson had hewed to the unvarnished conservative orthodoxy he preached when he first arrived in Washington, he might have realized that ambition. Somewhere about 1968, though, he began to question his party's catechism. A watershed invariably cited by Anderson's admirers came after Martin Luther King's assassination, when widespread riots endangered the passage of Lyndon Johnson's open housing bill. Hearing arguments that approval would represent capitulation to violence, Anderson rose and delivered a characteristically eloquent plea: "I legislate today not out of fear, but out of deep concern for the America I love. . . . I do not see this particular piece of legislation as any memorial to the dead. I see it rather as that cloud and that pillar that will guide the way of the living." The bill passed with only 18 votes to spare, and President Johnson gave much of the credit to Anderson.

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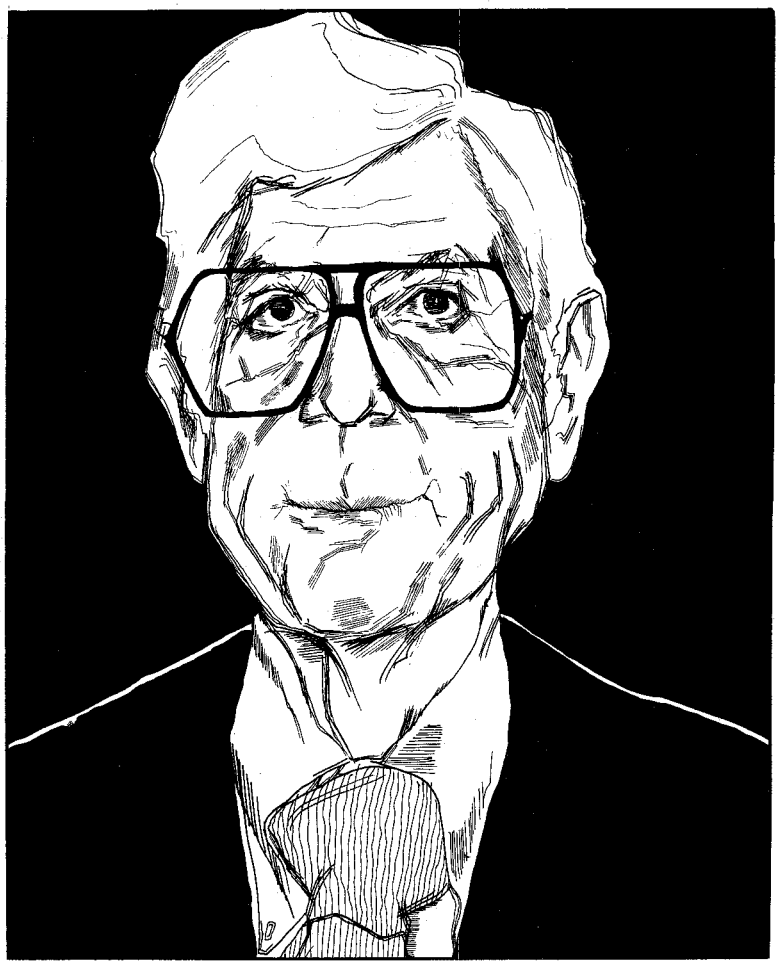
Anderson became a hero that day to many House members, but he offended some conservative Republicans. They soon had more reasons to take offense. Anderson supported a handful of comparatively liberal causes: legal services for the poor, a guaranteed annual income, the Equal Rights Amendment, the Philadelphia plan to increase minority workers on federal construction projects. His apostasy was not so pronounced in 1969 that it hurt him in his race for the leadership job, but by 1971 he had alienated enough House conservatives to be challenged by Samuel Devine of Ohio for the leadership post. Anderson won by the skin of his teeth, 89-81. But he didn't shift rightward to guard against another challenge. In 1968 Anderson had put out a press release to celebrate the fact that President Nixon had confided to him, "You're one of my intellectuals"; but by 1973 Anderson was criticizing Nixon vigorously about Watergate, and infuriating many Republicans by doing so. Events vindicated Anderson, however, and in December 1974 he easily fended off another challenge, this time from Charles Wiggins, one of Nixon's most loyal defenders of the Judiciary Committee.

The victory itself represented something of a disappointment: Anderson had planned to run for Stevenson's Senate seat in 1974, but gave it up because of Watergate. No doubt he expected that his performance in the House Republican leadership—which even conservatives conceded was excellent—eventually would lead to greater things. But there were more disappointments in store. Anderson's old friend and House colleague Gerald Ford wounded him by not choosing him as a running mate in 1976, settling instead on the far less able but more conservative Robert Dole in order to placate the Reaganites. In the House, Anderson's years of service provided no security. Placed at the top of the new right's hit list in 1978, Anderson found himself opposed in the Republican primary by a fundamentalist minister with ample financial support from right-wing direct mail fund-raiser Richard Viguerie, the Conservative Political Action Conference and the Gun Owners of America. He won with a comfortable margin and went on to reelection, but when he got back to Washington there was another fight waiting for him. In December yet another conservative, Thomas Kindness of Pennsylvania, mounted yet another effort to unseat Anderson as head of the House Republican Conference. Again Anderson won. Anderson denies that he's frustrated by life in the House, but he must feel he deserves better treatment from Republican conservatives than he's gotten. Says a colleague, "He's frustrated at having to prove himself over and over."



drawing of John Anderson by András Goldinger

Anderson's presidential bid is an attempt to capture the sort of power he once expected but hasn't realized. A supremely self-confident man—some say a bit arrogant—Anderson plainly thinks his ability recommends him for something more challenging than what he's gotten so far. A colleague says, "John sees Jerry Ford go from minority leader to the White House, and he's gotta say to himself, 'I do my homework, I handle the floor issues as well as anyone, and I'm still stuck here.'" Part of Anderson's frustration concerns his squabbles with GOP conservatives, but much of it lies with the impotence that goes with being a member of the minority party. When Anderson first came to Washington, the memory of Republican majorities in both houses was still fresh, but since then the GOP hasn't gained control of either chamber for as much as a single session. Anderson has risen to an important position in the Republican leadership, and yet despite that and despite 20 years' seniority, he probably has less power than a typical subcommittee chairman—a Democrat who may be in only his second or third term.

Anderson's presidential ambitions still are surprising, if only because Adlai Stevenson has announced he won't run for reelection to the Senate, thus giving Anderson a clear shot at the seat he's wanted for years. He denies any lingering interest in the Senate. "Obviously the things I'm doing right now

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are designed to build a national candidacy," he says. "They're not particularly helpful in running for the Senate." Mike MacLeod, his chief assistant at the House Republican Conference, says if Anderson were 10 years younger, he might prefer the Senate. "Who wants to be a freshman senator at 58?" he asks. But Anderson doesn't rule out a Senate race if his presidential campaign aborts at an early date; a politician, he says, "should never say never." He denies another obvious possibility, that he really wants the vice presidency. But one shouldn't take the disavowal at face value. Anderson is smart enough to figure out that he would provide geographic and philosophical balance to a ticket headed by Ronald Reagan or John Connally, and that Reagan, at least, is old enough that he might serve only one term—thus giving his vice president a chance to move up. One liberal House Republican says, "I think he'd take the second spot with anyone, regardless of philosophy."

Anderson's pariah status among conservative Republicans speaks volumes about how much the party has moved to the right. His views, in truth, don't depart from the essential tenets of the GOP: fiscal conservatism, suspicion of government regulation and trust in the private sector, distrust of the Soviets. For better or worse, Anderson's heresies have been pretty mild. Aside from civil rights and environmental issues and good-government-style reforms, he's voted just about as most Republicans vote. Some of his positions—opposing development of the B-1 bomber, for instance—suggest that despite basically hawkish views on defense he votes on the basis of analysis and not merely on reflex. Others suggest that while Anderson has shown an unusual capacity for intellectual growth over the years, he sometimes acts as if agonizing over an issue is a substitute for reaching the right decision. Anderson made plain his misgivings about Nixon's conduct of the Vietnam War, but he opposed—reluctantly, no doubt—efforts to speed up the withdrawal. Only in 1975 did he finally make his break with the Republican administration's policy by voting against the bombing of Cambodia. Anderson is not a Democrat who somehow wandered in to the wrong party, but a fairly orthodox Republican who takes a pragmatic approach to problems. His mantle is an inheritance from Teddy Roosevelt, not Tom Dewey.

Anderson says one reason he decided to run is that he looked at the other candidates and thought he was more electable. He may be, although electability has always been a secondary consideration among the Republican party's conservatives. What he doesn't say is that he is also smarter and more comfortable with the complexities of public policy than any of his Republican rivals—which he also is. He would be a welcome departure from the reflexive conservatism offered by most of the other Republican candidates, but there's no reason to think Republicans want any departures. Even his friends in the House give him no chance. The GOP could do a lot worse than to nominate John Anderson for president, and it probably will.

Stephen Chapman

Twenty-five years after the *Brown* decision, its real meaning is still elusive.

Color-Blind or Color-Conscious?

by Diane Ravitch

In 1954 the Supreme Court declared that state-imposed school segregation was unconstitutional, and invalidated state laws that assigned children to school on the basis of their race. Today that decision, *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, is cited as authority for a network of judicial decisions, laws and administrative regulations that specifically require institutions to classify people on the basis of their group identity and to deal with them accordingly.

By denying states the power to differentiate among its citizens by race, the *Brown* decision provided a strong precedent to bar racial discrimination in every realm of civic and public acitivity. Its effect was strengthened and extended by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which prohibited discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex or national origin. The Civil Rights Act embodied the fundamental principle that everyone

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should be considered as an individual without regard to social origin. This idea attracted the support of a broad alliance composed of blacks, liberals, organized labor, Catholics, Jews and others who perceived that the black cause was the common cause of everyone who wanted to eliminate group bias from American life. The particular genius of the civil rights movement was its successful forging of a coalition led by blacks but far more numerous than the black population alone; at the height of its power, in 1964-65, the coalition was potent enough to win passage of the Civil Rights Act, federal aid to education, the Voting Rights Act and the anti-poverty program.

The recent shift in focus from anti-discrimination to group preference has splintered the civil rights coalition of the 1960s and has changed the nature of civil rights issues. The issues of the late 1970s are far more complex than were those of the 1950s and 1960s, when the public could readily understand the denial of the civil and political rights of black people. Issues such as racial balancing, busing, affirmative action and quotas are not nearly so clear-cut. People of good will of all races and both sexes can be found on different sides of these questions.

But this disagreement arises between one-time allies in the struggle for universalism and equal rights not just because the issues today are complicated, but also because there is an essential dilemma: the group-based concepts of the present are in conflict with the historic efforts of the civil rights movement to remove group classifications from public policy. And at the heart of this dilemma is the *Brown* decision.

The *Brown* case was one of several school segregation suits brought before the Supreme Court in the early 1950s by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. The cases were intended to challenge the "separate but equal" doctrine of statutory racial segregation that was upheld in the *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* decision in 1896. The Supreme Court then held that a state law requiring the separation of the races in railway coaches was no violation of the Constitution as long as the races had equal facilities. The decision of the majority gave legal reinforcement to social customs and "black codes" based on the presumption of black inferiority.

Only Justice John Marshall Harlan dissented from the *Plessy* decision, and his dissent was for many decades a foundation-stone of the civil rights movement. Harlan denied that the states had the power to regulate their citizens solely on the basis of race: "Our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens. . . . The law regards man as man, and takes no account of his surroundings or of his color when his civil rights as guaranteed by the supreme law of the land are involved."

The city of Topeka, Kansas, where the *Brown* case originated in 1951, maintained racially segregated schools for the first six grades. The Topeka School District contained 18 elementary schools for white students and four elementary schools for black students. White children attended their neighborhood school, but many black children were required to travel long distances by school bus to attend a designated "colored" school.

The arguments against racial segregation were of two kinds: those derived from constitutional objections, and those derived from social science. The constitutional arguments explicitly rejected the power of the state to recognize racial differences. The social science arguments were ambivalent, asserting both that color was irrelevant and that interracial experiences were valuable.

In building their case, the NAACP lawyers stressed the fact that blacks were denied the right to send their children to the nearest school. Segregation imposed on black children the handicap of spending extra time traveling to and from school, which was detrimental to the children's development. Oliver Brown, the named plaintiff, testified about the inconvenience and lack of safety which resulted from busing his daughter, Linda Carol Brown, to a "colored school" 21 blocks away, instead of the neighborhood school only seven blocks from his home.

Among the social scientists who testified, there were contradictory themes. Some held that blacks were deprived by lack of contact with whites. But others emphasized that segregation was wrong because it accorded different treatment to children on the basis of their ancestry. Thus the social scientists' testimony left unresolved a major dilemma: should policy be color-blind or color-conscious? Were black parents suing for the right to gain admission to their neighborhood school or for the right to an integrated education? Was the constitutional wrong to blacks the denial of liberty or the denial of integration?

The constitutional argument contained no such ambivalence. Robert Carter, chief counsel for Topeka's black plaintiffs, rested the case against school segregation on two grounds: first, that "the state has no authority and no power to make any distinction or any classification among its citizenry based upon race and color alone"; and second, that "the rights under the Fourteenth Amendment are individual rights," and not group rights.

When the unfavorable decision in Kansas was appealed to the Supreme Court in 1952, the chief argument in the appellants' brief was the unconstitutionality of racial classification by the state: "The Fourteenth Amendment precludes a state from imposing distinctions or classifications based upon race and color alone." The NAACP conceded that the state may "confer benefits or impose disabilities upon selected groups of citizens," but the selection of such groups must be related to real differences. Race, the NAACP said, is not a real difference.

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Black organizations have maintained in the 1970s that the 14th Amendment bans legislation that discriminates against blacks but does not ban legislation intended to confer benefits on blacks. But this was not the position of the NAACP in its *Brown* brief. On the contrary, the appellants' brief is a cogent, tightly reasoned documentation of the view that the 14th Amendment was written specifically to ensure that all state action would henceforth be color-blind. There was no suggestion in the brief that racial distinctions might, in some circumstances, be tolerable.

The NAACP said, "The evidence makes clear that it was the intent of the proponents of the Fourteenth Amendment, and the substantial understanding of its opponents, that it would, of its own force, prohibit all state action predicated upon race or color. . . . [A]s a matter of law, race is not an allowable basis of differentiation in governmental action."

In the oral arguments before the Supreme Court, Thurgood Marshall for the NAACP described the kind of remedy that he sought, and he was clear that race should play no part in school assignment. Marshall said the Court should forbid explicit segregation and segregation by gerrymandering of school district lines, but, "If the lines are drawn on a natural basis, without regard to race or color, then I think that nobody would have any complaint." Thurgood Marshall made the most conclusive and unambiguous statements about the constitutional issues before the Court. Marshall said that under the Constitution, "the state is deprived of any power to make any racial classification in any governmental field."

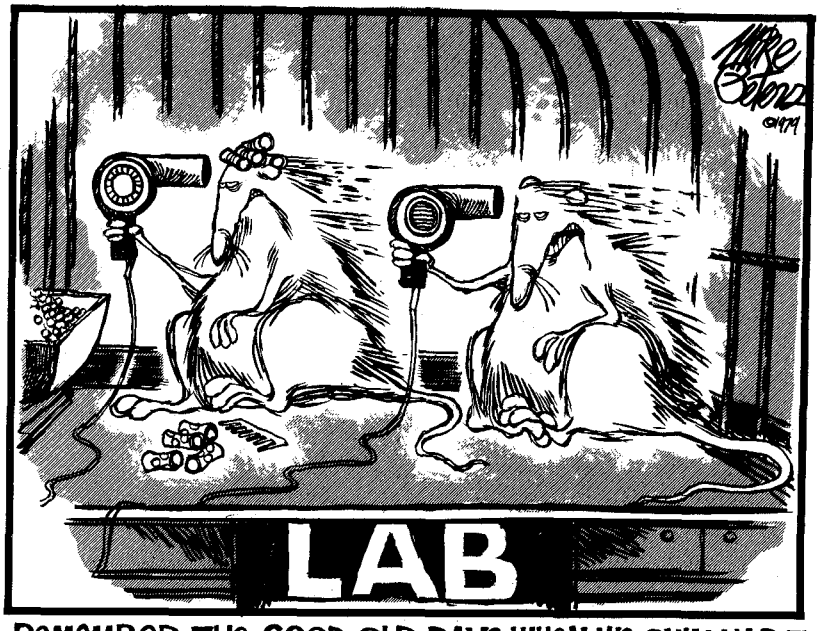
When the Brown decision was announced on May 17, 1954, it appeared that the grounds for it were more sociological than constitutional. In retrospect this seems surprising in light of the solidity of the constitutional argument and the controvertible nature of sociological evidence. The Court did not, in its *Brown* decision, declare the Constitution to be color-blind, which explains some of the present-day confusion about the meaning of the decision. The decision can be read, as it was then, as removing from the states the power to use race as a factor in assigning children to public schools. It can also be read, as it is now, as a mandate to bring about racial integration in the public schools by taking race into account in making assignments.

But it was the former interpretation that the NAACP lawyers used at the time. In 1955, Robert Carter asked for a decree from the Surpeme Court that would order the Topeka school board "to cease and desist at once from basing school attendance and admission on the basis of race or color." James M. Nabrit Jr. argued in the same vein for a Supreme Court decree for the District of Columbia public schools: ". . . . Do not deny any child the right to go to the school of his choice on the grounds of race or color within the normal limits of your districting system. . . . Do not assign them on the basis of race or color, and we have no complaint."

Today the *Brown* decision is considered the progenitor of a host of color-conscious and group-specific policies. The decision that was supposed to remove from the states the power to assign children to school on the basis of race has become the authority for assigning children to school solely on the basis of race, even where official segregation never existed. One western school district, which contains 19 variants of the HEW-designated minority groups, has voluntarily undertaken to maintain a racial-ethnic balance of these groups in its schools for both students and teachers.

For at least the first 10 years after the *Brown* decision, belief in color-blind policy was the animating force behind the civil rights movement. In the hearings on the Civil Rights Act in 1963, Roy Wilkins denounced employment quotas as "evil" and predicted that they would be used to restrict the opportunities of black workers. In the same hearings, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, in a heated sparring match with Senator Sam Ervin, forced the senator to agree with him that the *Brown* decision established the right of the individual to attend his neighborhood school. The Civil Rights Act ultimately included an unequivocal definition of desegregation:

> *'Desegregation' means the assignment of students to public schools and within such schools without regard to their race, color, religion, or national origin, but 'desegregation' shall*



REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN WE ONLY HAD TO SMOKE A FEW CIGARETTES AND EAT SACCHARIN ?

drawing by Mike Peters

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not mean the assignment to public schools in order to overcome racial imbalance.

Not long after Congress passed into law the color-blind principle embodied in the Civil Rights Act of 1964, several trends converged to undermine it.

First, white southern intransigence had effectively preserved segregation despite the *Brown* decision. The dismantling of state-segregated school systems was occurring at a snail's pace; by 1964, only two percent of the black students in the deep South attended schools with white students. Southern politicans boasted of their success in frustrating the implementation of the *Brown* mandate, and southern legislatures devised ingenious schemes to protect the dual school systems. In some cities, white students were allowed to transfer away from their neighborhood schools to avoid desegregation. Some districts were gerrymandered to conform to the racial division of neighborhoods. In some districts, blacks who applied to attend white schools were required to pass special tests to prove their fitness.

Second, the Civil Rights Act of 1964 authorized federal officials to cut off federal funds from districts that failed to desegregate their schools. This meant little in 1964, when federal funds for elementary and secondary schools were minor, but it became a powerful weapon to compel desegregation after 1965, when federal aid to education was passed by the Congress. The United States Office of Education moved swiftly to establish guidelines by which it might determine whether a district was obeying the Civil Rights Act. For a year, the guidelines required free-choice plans. By 1966, unhappy with the slow pace of the first year, education officials promulgated new guidelines which set out in detail the numerical range of proportions of each race that had to be in integrated schools in each district in order to assure the flow of federal funds. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals rejected challenges to the HEW guidelines, holding that freedom of choice was permissible only so long as it brought about integration. By 1968, the Supreme Court invalidated a free-choice plan that did not produce substantial integration. And by 1971, the high court directed the schools of Charlotte-Mecklenburg, North Carolina, to do whatever was necessary—including busing children away from their neighborhood schools, gerrymandering of districts and creation of noncontiguous attendance zones—in order to bring about "truly non-discriminatory assignments."

Third, just as the federal bureaucracy and the federal judiciary began to abandon the color-blind principle, the black power movement emerged. Black power spokesmen ridiculed the leaders of the civil rights movement as Uncle Toms and accommodationists. It was not their rejection of integration that gave them mass appeal, however, but rather their open advocacy of black self-interest. While civil rights leaders championed policies of non-discrimination, the black advocacy movement demanded black principals, black teachers, specific jobs, here and now, period. Even after the more flamboyant black activists passed from the national scene, many of their ideas and goals were absorbed into the programs of the traditional organizations of the civil rights movement.

Fourth, the color-blind principle lost much of its luster for the civil rights organizations as soon as it was established in law. Once it was a fact, it ceased to be a goal. Organizations either generate new goals or become defunct. One cannot keep a mass movement excited about goals that have already been attained. Nor can a revolution of rising expectations be satisfied by non-discrimination policies alone.

Fifth, some of those who had led the fight against segregation came to believe that color blindness is an abstract principle with no power to alter the status quo and no possibility of making up for the effects of past discrimination, either in institutional or in personal terms. One of the champions of color-blind policy, Robert Carter, now a federal district judge, believes that group preferences will in time cause the nation's institutions, professions and work force to reflect the racial, ethnic, religious and gender composition of the population. In his view, the color-conscious policy brings about by compulsion what the color-blind policy should have brought about if implemented in good faith.

Thus it was that the idea of a color-blind society fell out of fashion almost as soon as it was enacted into law and well before it became part of custom. This is a turn of events with consequence for American society. We do not have a broad-based civil rights movement in the United States today precisely because the only common purpose that could bind dozens of minorities together is the goal of preventing discrimination against *all* minorities. The fight to ban discrimination, which gathered to its banners a powerful coalition of diverse groups, has been replaced for now by group-ism, or every interest group for itself. The idea of universalism is in retreat, an idea whose time came and went with amazing speed.

Black civil rights leaders fear that color blindness today means a willful refusal to recognize exclusionary practices that operate under the guise of racial neutrality. Opponents of group-conscious policies fear that to replace old-fashioned racism with well-intentioned racialism is divisive and wrong. Somewhere between total color blindness and extreme color-consciousness, there must be a reconciliation of democratic values. Strict neutrality in admissions and hiring, with no effort to remedy the effects of past discrimination, will leave many blacks right where they are, at the bottom. The alternative to racial quotas is the kind of program that prepares blacks to

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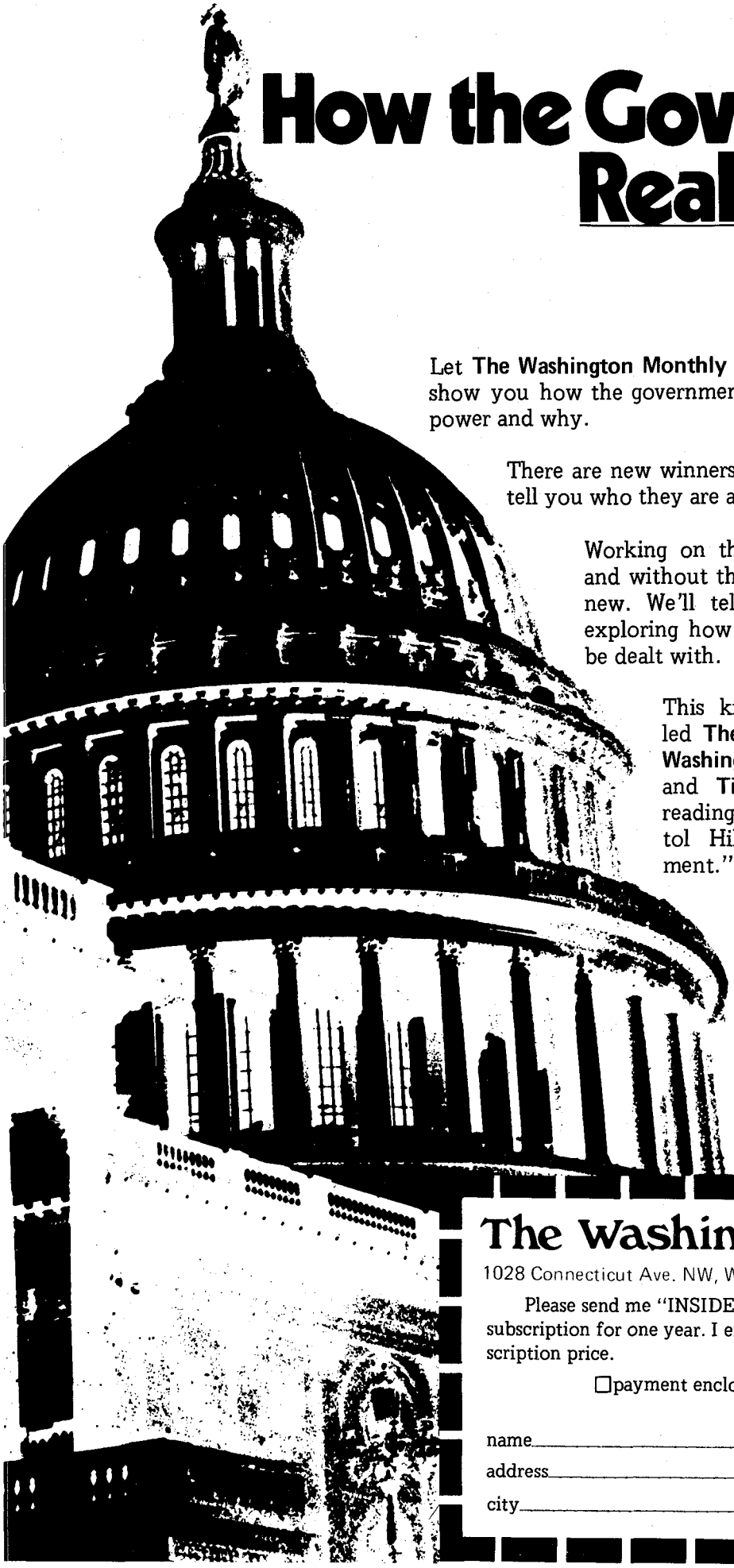

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succeed without racial preferences, such as special tutoring for college admission or for union apprenticeship tests. A remarkable example is the Recruitment and Training Program (RTP), a New York-based national organization which since 1965 has recruited and trained more than 30,000 blacks for well-paid apprenticeships in construction trade unions. As a result of RTP's efforts, minority membership in the affected unions has grown from three percent to 19 percent. Similarly, educational programs that upgrade academic skills have enabled black students not only to gain admission to colleges and graduate schools, but to complete their studies successfully. One noteworthy example is the ABC (A Better Chance) program, now in its 16th year. ABC identifies promising minority youngsters from economically disadvantaged backgrounds and helps them to get high quality college preparation, either in their own communities or in boarding schools. About 6000 students have received financial aid from ABC for their secondary schooling, and more than 90 percent have entered college. Most ABC students are accepted in the most selective colleges, where their preparation enables them to compete as equals.

Such creative interweaving of color-conscious and racially neutral approaches recognizes the need to overcome the effects of past discrimination by supplying the skills and motivation to achieve without regard to race or social origins. In the long run, the ability of minorities to sustain the occupational and educational gains of the past 15 years depends not only on those who enter higher education but on those who can hold their own academically, and not only on those who win union jobs but on those who can do the job well.

Whether it is possible to treat people as individuals rather than as group members is as uncertain today as it was in 1954. And whether it is possible to achieve an integrated society without distributing jobs and school places on the basis of group identity is equally uncertain. What does seem likely, though, is that the trend toward formalizing group distinctions in public policy has contributed to a sharpening of group consciousness and group conflict. As a people, we are still far from that sense of common humanity to which the civil rights movement appealed. We may yet find that just such a spirit is required to advance a generous and broad sense of the needs and purposes of American society as a whole.

The hopelessness of "working through the system" in South Africa.

Capitalism and Apartheid

by James North

Johannesburg

Earlier this year, Helen Suzman, the first lady of South African liberalism, encountered some trouble when she addressed what should have been a sympathetic audience—the student body at Johannesburg's University of the Witwatersrand, an English-speaking school which is one of the most anti-government institutions in the country. As she began her speech on human rights, two students carried up a coffin labeled "Capitalist Lackey" and deposited it on the stage. Minutes later, as she looked on bemusedly, two other students ambled forward bearing a set of golf clubs, and began hitting plastic balls into the audience. One interloper explained afterward, "Helen Suzman has been making the same speech for 20 years now. I wanted to relieve people of their boredom."

James North is a pseudonym for an American journalist living in South Africa.

The incident embodied more than just a humorous sally against a traditional icon. Suzman and her youthful critics represent two sides of a growing debate among the enlightened elements of the white community here about the history of South Africa, the country's current situation and the proper strategy for change. The debate began about 10 years ago in the academic world, as radical revisionists began to challenge liberal assumptions that had prevailed for decades. Since then, it has spilled over into the wider progressive community. An immediate consequence has been sharp disagreement over the question of foreign economic sanctions against South Africa. Radicals favor them (though those living here must do so quietly, to avoid criminal prosecution for "economic sabotage"). Liberals just as strenuously oppose them. The differing attitudes grow logically from the two world views the groups have developed.

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The visitor from overseas quickly encounters the liberal view, which is shared by the Progressive Federal party, the small but outspoken official opposition in Parliament; much of the English-language press; and many English-speaking business and professional people. It goes something like this: "Our problem here in South Africa is caused by these hard-headed Afrikaners we have running the country. They have a senseless phobia about race, which is part of their general suspicion of any outsiders. Their National party came to power in 1948, and began immediately to pass these absurd apartheid laws which the rest of the world rightly criticizes us for. We've tried over the years to oppose them, but Afrikaners constitute 60 percent of the electorate.

"Fortunately, there are long-range prospects for change, if the Nat government doesn't bring ruin upon us in the short run. These irrational laws have hampered but not halted our economic growth. (Which, by the way, has meant that our black people enjoy a higher standard of living than other blacks in Africa, even if they continue to suffer from this outrageous discrimination.) More than any appeals to morality, the economic development has demonstrated the absurdity of apartheid. The color bar, for instance, prohibits the promotion of blacks into many jobs, so a tremendous shortage of skilled workers has developed. In some cases, factories have installed clandestine alarm systems to warn them when government inspectors are on the way to check whether blacks are working in "white" jobs. And the duplication of facilities and services mandated by apartheid must cost an astronomical amount.

"Disinvestment and sanctions actually harm the cause of social justice. Without foreign investment, our economy would stagnate, and if we don't grow, the erosion of apartheid will not continue. Furthermore, sanctions will greatly harm blacks and help the same hard-line, rural Nats we are finally starting to leave behind."

This analysis of current affairs complements an interpretation of South African history that also assigns the main role to Afrikaner nationalism. Briefly, the Dutch who settled at the Cape after 1652, together with French Huguenot refugees who arrived later in the same century, already adhered to a stern Calvinism which became even more insular as they hewed civilization out of a hostile wilderness. In the first two centuries of settlement, they moved slowly inland, fighting off raiding parties first of hostile Hottentots and Bushmen, later of Bantu tribesmen. In this atmosphere of fear and isolation, they developed a theological justification for racism which has remained largely unshaken. The Enlightenment, the Age of Revolution, passed the Afrikaner by. His character was formed on the isolated frontier, in the stillness of the vast southern African inland plateau.

In the early 1800s, the British took over the Cape Colony and liberal English missionaries and administrators began to interfere with the prevailing relationships between black and white. Slavery was eliminated in 1833. To flee British meddling, the Afrikaners trekked farther into the interior, fighting off African tribes along the way. One of these victories, appositely named the Battle of Blood River, still is celebrated as a national holiday. Boer republics were established in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, where the Afrikaner was free to treat the blacks as he wished. Then, in the late 1800s, first diamonds and then gold were discovered, and the hated *uitlanders* (foreigners) entered the republics in great numbers. The Afrikaner fought the Boer War to protect his independence, but superior British might prevailed.

But Afrikaner nationalism survived the defeat, and after the Union of South Africa was formed in 1910 it worked with steadily increasing success through cultural and language organizations, the Dutch Reformed Church and the National party to wean the *volk* away from English-dominated institutions. In 1948, the Nationalists won a watershed election and reversed the growing liberalism of the previous government, headed by Jan Smuts. The Nats installed the system of apartheid, the distillation of ideas that has evolved over the centuries. Only in the 1960s, with the emergence of "the New Afrikaner," a businessmar with broadened horizons, did the system show signs of relaxing. But the old beliefs die hard, and the biggest obstacle to further change remains the *verkrampte* (narrow) wing of the National party, which continues to see racial separation as a moral and theological duty.

This was the view inherited by the generation of South African academics who came of age in the 1960s. Some of them were forced into exile for their political activities, others remained behind. The government did not disturb them as long as their work remained academic. All were influenced to varying degrees by student movements in the West and the simultaneous neo-Marxist revival.

As the decade wore on, the young academics noticed a glaring discrepancy in South African society which liberalism could not explain. The 1960s represented the culmination of apartheid. After the last traces of internal resistance were destroyed or driven underground following the 1960 Sharpeville massacre, the government had a free hand to complete its program. Between 1960 and 1974, about 1.5 million blacks were uprooted from "white" rural or urban areas, and sent to the Bantustans, which in turn were pushed toward "independence." The enforcement of the pass laws and the segregation of all sorts of facilities were carried out with increased vigor. Draconian security legislation was passed, and used, including a law that permits unlimited detention

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without trial. The unbalanced distribution of income remained unchanged: in 1970 Africans, who constituted more than 70 percent of the population, accounted for only 26 percent of total consumption.

Despite the tightening up of all aspects of apartheid, the economy boomed. Only Japan surpassed South Africa's real growth rate of 5.9 percent during the 1960s. In the process, white South Africans became the most affluent group of people anywhere.

The apparent anomaly touched off a reassessment by radicalized historians, sociologists and economists. In the 1970s they have produced a considerable body of work. It would be stretching matters to speak of a coherent revisionist view, but the radicals agree that far from being antithetical to capitalist growth in South Africa, apartheid is essential to it.

A key distinction is important here: between what is called "petty" apartheid—the segregation of restaurants, buses and the like—and "grand" apartheid—the system of pass laws, migrant labor on a vast scale, the Bantustans. Petty apartheid is what the overseas visitor notices first, what the liberals stress when they describe the system and what the present government means when it says it is "moving away from discrimination."

But grand apartheid is actually far more central to the system. And it is more painful in human terms. The migrant worker in Johannesburg cares less about riding a segregated bus than about being away from his family for 10 months of the year. The migratory system kept wages low in the early years of industrialization and mining because the employer did not bear the full cost of supporting the migrant's family members who were back scratching out a living from the soil in the Bantustans, then called "native reserves." In recent years, this function has declined as the reserves have become steadily more overcrowded and impoverished. Now they serve primarily as dumping grounds for the old, the young, the sick and the unemployed.

The migrant labor system also inhibits the growth of trade unionism, and limits the emergence of a potentially volatile working class in the urban areas, at the centers of power. The 1960s was a nearly strike-free decade; blacks who belonged to unions constituted less than one percent of the work force.

The radicals have shown that the apartheid system did not emerge full-blown from the head of Dr. Verwoerd after 1948. They tend to focus less singlemindedly on the supposedly immutable Afrikaner character, and see history as the complicated interaction of many peoples and interests.

On the frontier, for example, the Afrikaners were not isolated, but traded and in some cases joined militarily with neighboring black tribes. Afrikaner racism was neither as virulent nor as pervasive as the liberals suppose. (Also, the extreme racism of white Rhodesians, most of whom are English and many of whom arrived in Africa after World War II, further undermines the liberal view.)

For the radicals, the key 19th-century event was not the Afrikaner Great Trek to the interior, but the discovery of mineral wealth and the eagerness of foreign capital to exploit it. The Boer War, in this view, was a successful effort to gain political control of the mining regions. Then, to create and maintain a labor force, the Union government passed the 1913 Land Act (strengthened in 1936), which permitted Africans to own land in only 13 percent of the country, the outlying areas congruent with today's Bantustans. Together with a hut tax passed earlier, the measures helped cripple largely self-sufficient African farming and forced blacks to migrate to the gold and diamond mines for work. To control the migrants, pass laws (which had existed in some form since the early days in the Cape) were extended. Thus the central features of apartheid predate Nationalist rule by nearly 40 years.

The 1948 election, therefore, was no watershed. Afrikaner nationalism was primarily a response to English rule, under which the *volk* had suffered language and cultural discrimination. Relations with blacks were only a secondary concern.

The case of Harry Oppenheimer, chairman of Anglo-American and therefore the country's number one businessman, illustrates the relationship between the English-speaking, liberal business structure and the Afrikaner political machine. Harry Op, as he is sometimes called, has long been an active supporter of liberal causes. He helps fund the Progressive party, owns part of the English-language press and speaks out often against Nationalist rule. Yet his gold and diamond mines, like the rest, still rely on black migrant labor. And Anglo has yet to recognize a black union in any of its many South African divisions. One middle-level Anglo executive explained recently, "I don't say he's a hypocrite. I sense that he speaks out on policy and leaves the day-to-day management of the company to other, more conservative people. Yet the fact remains that he has done little in a concrete way to put into practice the ideas he talks about."

Even the harshest critics of the radical view have acknowledged that the revisionists have made a number of insightful observations. But, as often happens in such debates, the radicals have tended to ignore or obscure the reasonable aspects of the liberal case. Afrikaner ideology certainly plays a greater role in South Africa than the radicals seem to admit. In the case of the Immorality Act, for example, which outlaws sexual contact between the races, one radical has offered the strained explanation that it was intended to prevent the expansion of the "colored" (racially mixed) community, which would in turn have helped to blur the sharp racial distinction between white and black workers and led to a multi-hued working-class movement. In fact the Act, like many

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other government measures, is certainly just an effort to affirm racial purity, and has no intended economic consequences.

The radicals also tend to posit a greater unity of interest among the ruling economic groups than actually exists. In secondary industry, for example, there seems to be a desire for a settled work force that would be stable enough to acquire skills and experience. The cost advantages of migrant labor would be more than outweighed by the rise in productivity a settled work force would provide. South Africa's manufacturing exports are not competitive in world markets (and the local white market is nearly saturated) partly due to shockingly low productivity. Yet mining, which remains the backbone of the export economy, and agriculture would both face a serious crisis if denied migrant labor.

Apartheid, however, has shown over the years a remarkable ability to adapt, and the system may well be able to resolve this contradiction. Just recently, the government implemented a plan under which some urban blacks will be able to purchase 99-year leaseholds on their tiny matchbox homes in the townships. The move will not disturb the necessary fiction that blacks are merely "temporary sojourners" in the "white areas," but it may contribute to the stable work force secondary industry needs. The system is also showing flexibility about black unions. In the early 1970s, a massive, nonviolent strike wave shattered the labor quietude of the previous decade. The government and some sections of business realize that moderate black unions may be necessary to rationalize and stabilize the work force. But neither of these changes, nor others contemplated, will disturb the essence of the system.

Not surprisingly, as the debate has widened, a middle tendency has started to emerge, which holds that South African capitalism is primarily indifferent to the political system in which it operates. So long as its basic interests are not threatened, it will adjust to the quirks and vagaries caused by Afrikaner Nationalism and other factors.

Even this moderate position makes the argument that foreign investment and economic growth erode apartheid almost untenable. The institutions of apartheid have remained essentially unchanged during three decades of Nationalist rule, and over the preceding decades during what were ostensibly less reactionary regimes. All the while, economic growth continued with only occasional setbacks. The liberal argument has run out of time. The Soweto uprising demonstrated that blacks are not going to sit patiently by waiting for the reforms that are always hovering, like a mirage, somewhere in the future. And even if prosperity could dissolve the economic aspects of apartheid, the liberals have no theory about how it would eliminate the police state. Industrial growth and political repression can easily coexist, as the twin examples of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia demonstrate.

What's more, for the black majority the ultimate goal of the liberals is being rejected with increasing force. In a recent speech, Oppenheimer outlined a scenario in which a black elite, trained in the white universities, would take their places alongside whites in managing large business enterprises. He acknowledged that the South African economy had been "shaped by white initiative in accordance with white modes of thought," but argued that if blacks did not climb aboard they risked sacrificing "the benefits of Western technology and administrative skills and business enterprise—something which no sensible person, white or black, could possibly accept."

Twenty years ago, his view would have gained wide acceptability among blacks. But no longer. The oldest black liberation movement, the African National Congress, was formed in 1912 by teachers and other professionals who had been educated at Western-run mission schools. For 50 years, the ANC waged a nonviolent petition and protest campaign seeking equal opportunities to enter the white world. Chief Albert J. Luthuli, the ANC president in the 1950s, won the Nobel Peace Prize in recognition of the dignity and patience of the organization's struggle.

Then, after the Sharpeville massacre, the ANC and a rival organization, the Pan Africanist Congress, were outlawed and forced underground. The two movements began to advocate guerrilla warfare: the ANC receiving aid from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, the PAC from China and some of the Arab countries. Both organizations have trained several thousand refugees in exile, including a huge outflow of students after 1976. Many other young people within the country plan to join them. Reports of small incidents involving guerrillas who have infiltrated from neighboring black-ruled states already have filtered through the South African press.

A young man who was an active member of the Soweto Students Representative Council, the now-outlawed organization that coordinated the 1976-77 protest wave, explained his belief in the urgency of economic sanctions: "We know that sanctions will increase the immediate suffering of our people, but we are fighting a long-range struggle for freedom—if not for us, then for our children. We will suffer with sanctions, and we will suffer without them. But they will help us in our struggle."

His statement sounds a bit bombastic until his actions are taken into account. He and his friends faced riot police gunfire unarmed. He was arrested, held in detention for nearly a year, and tortured. Soon he will leave and join one of the guerrilla movements. To the dismay of those who still hope for peaceful change, his views are becoming increasingly representative.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Alive and Otherwise

Richard Pryor, Live in Concert (Special Event). The operative word is "live." In more than one sense, it distinguishes this picture from those that follow. This is simply a filmed record of a solo show that Pryor did in Long Beach, California, not long ago. Several cameras were set up, and the show went on, that's all. Aside from the steamy language, it's like watching a live TV broadcast, though the director, Jeff Margolis, spares us audience-reaction shots.

The life in the thing is Pryor's. I've seen him in a number of films—*Blue Collar, Bingo Long* and others—in which he has been very funny and, sometimes, quite moving; his stand-up comic self was only a rumor. Not anymore. In the first 15 minutes or so, I thought this was a new Lenny Bruce, with a blistering tongue, a nastily knowing jab, an anger working itself out through savage but good jokes. For Bruce, the world was divided into people and gentiles: for Pryor, it's people and whites. And he scorches through those opening minutes with a blowtorch humor that compels laughs from those getting vindication and those harboring guilts.

After that opening, the monologue slips into merely (merely!) funny *shtick*, continuingly raunchy but designed only for yoks. Which it gets. In the course of the act Pryor does, possibly for the first time in history, a hilarious bit on having a heart attack (which, I gather, he has had); a pantomime on why blacks walking through woods don't get bitten by snakes but whites do; sharp mimicry of Wasps, John Wayne, and—believe it or not—a deer drinking, a Doberman pinscher and a salacious monkey. If the act doesn't sustain what it promises at the start—a real social blast—it's still a fast hour and 20 minutes.

Fedora (United Artists). Billy Wilder has been generally underrated. Perhaps he has been a minor Lubitsch and a minor Stroheim—with occasional touches of Visconti—but that seems to me quite a good deal to have accomplished. Not many of his pictures have been completely successful but not many of them are devoid of interest, and one of them is a prime instance of that marvelous phenomenon in art, a major work by a minor artist. *Some Like It Hot* is the last good American farce and one of the best films in American history.

With *Fedora*, Wilder is back in his Stroheim-cum-Visconti vein, and the trouble is, that's just what it looks like: he's back, he's returning, it's *rechauffé*. In his struggle to get back to one of his old forms, he has overlooked a couple of essentials. First, he has made a picture about a glamorous ex-star without a glamorous star. Gloria Swanson's performance in Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* is pretty bad, but she is—minimally, if also maximally—Gloria Swanson. ("Acting!" snorts the ex-star in *Fedora*. "That's for the Old Vic.") The ex-star here is played by Marthe Keller, a much better actress than Swanson—see her good performance in the dreadful *Bobby Deerfield*—but a woman with none of the panache of a legendary screen queen. Wilder should have been warned off this picture by the very fact that the leading role was, nowadays, impossible to cast.

Second, the script is static. It was written by Wilder and his veteran collaborator I. A. L. Diamond from an original by Tom Tryon, but it's not a story: it's a series of explanations. The main action is about a middle-aged film producer—played by William Holden, once the young screenwriter of *Sunset Boulevard*—chasing off to a Greek island to try to sign the ex-star, whom he used to know. I can't say more without revealing the twist, even though the twist is hardly a curl. The score by Miklós Rózsa tries hard to add some movie-palace lushness.

Wilder's direction has never been less sharp, less (in an incremental sense) opportunistic. The Beverly-Hills-gothic style of *Sunset Boulevard* is badly muffed, as is the attempt at Viscontian *luxe*, as is even the sardonic byplay with the hotel staff, something at which Wilder has often been good. (Even in *Avanti!*) The story of *Fedora* flashes back from, and returns to, a funeral. I'm refusing, because of past pleasure from Wilder, to expand that fact into a symbol.

Three other pictures could be tossed into a blender and whipped into a purée called *An Almost Perfect Little Couple*. Then the whole thing could be poured down the drain.

Here are the ingredients. *An Almost Perfect Affair* (Paramount), set at the Cannes Film Festival, is about a young American filmmaker, Keith Carradine, and an Italian producer's wife, Monica Vitti. It's a fair assumption that no picture with Carradine can be all good—how much work it is for him just to keep those horse-teeth covered with that flaccid mouth—and he fulfills his non-promise. Vitti, since her high Antonioni days, has continued as a European star whose films haven't often been seen here. The decline from the Vitti of 18 or 20 years ago is not just a matter of age, which for many good actors is not a decline. Her performance is routine. Its sole appeal is the almost disgraceful one of a cute accent in English.

The script by Walter Bernstein and Don Petersen tells us pretty early that it's mod Henry James: an American is going to have an experience with an experienced European (like the recent,

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The China Syndrome. Smashing thriller on a horribly topical subject—a nuclear-energy accident. Worrisome attributions of villainy but sizzling excitement.

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Norma Rae. Labor organizing in the Deep South today. Slightly naive, enormously moving. Sally Field is splendid.

SK

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dim *Once in Paris*). Since this pair obviously cannot go off together at the end, we know we're headed for a parting full of poignancy. The parting comes but not the poignancy.

Trite story and dull writing aren't a help to Michael Ritchie's direction, but there doesn't seem to be much struggle in the encounter. The lithe Ritchie who made *The Candidate* and *Smile* is sinking right through *The Bad News Bears* into routine filmmaking.

Then there's *A Little Romance* (Orion) which is about another doomed encounter between an American and a European. This time it's she who is the American, but this time they are both about 13. It starts in Paris, continues in Venice whither the innocent pair flee, and finishes with a parting in Paris again. The pair are aided in their J. M. Barrie-like stroke for truth in the midst of the world's misunderstanding by a charming old scoundrel. As I may not need to add, all is neatly balanced between the saccharine and the emetic.

The children are themselves appealing, especially the girl, Diane Lane, who is beautifully grave. The old scoundrel is Laurence Olivier. If you have any regard for Olivier, and I have something more than that, you will want to miss this film, as I wish I had done. You will only see him trying to remember bits of this and that which he did previously and hoping he has the strength to carry them off. The director, whose apex this is not, is George Roy Hill, descending from *The Sting* and *The Great Waldo Pepper*.

And there's a new film by Robert Altman, *A Perfect Couple* (20th Century-Fox), though it's only two months since his *Quintet*. The new one has the usual Altman assets: technical deftness, idiosyncrasy, unexpected subject. But the deftness rattles around in a vacuum, the idiosyncrasy—because unsupported in theme or dynamics—degenerates quickly into egotism, and the unexpected subject is so poorly developed that it quickly becomes sterile.

It's a comedy-romance, set in Los Angeles, involving a Greek-American of a father-dominated wealthy family, Paul Dooley, and a member of a rock group, Marta Heflin. For starters—and finishers—the exponents of the romance are dull actors, something that not even a good romantic story can survive, although many a mediocre one has been redeemed by attractive actors. Dooley is insipid. Heflin is Altman's latest entry in the Shelley Duvall Lookalike Contest, and Heflin loses. It's one thing to say, with Paddy Chayefsky, that non-beautiful people need love, too. It's another to exploit an unattractive woman and (Altman's record proves this) to work off some private hangups about female attractiveness.

The story is too strained to support comment. The jokes include: trouble with a car's sun roof in a rainstorm; the woman's taking a swing with a poker at two struggling men and hitting the wrong one; and a silent Gorgeous Couple—a running gag intended as a comment on Dooley-Heflin—who of course end up badly while the homely pair don't. Beauty is only skin-deep, you see. We hear (spurious) classical music every time we go to the man's home and rock every time we go to hers, just so we can tell one from the other.

Altman's admirers are now advising him to slow down and take stock. Of what?

An obscure hurt

The Sexuality of Henry James: Part II

In 1928, after reading *Elizabeth and Essex*, Freud wrote a letter to Lytton Strachey, congratulating him on having traced back Elizabeth's character to the impressions of her childhood. "You have touched upon her most hidden motives with equal boldness and discretion," Freud wrote, "and it is very possible that you have succeeded in making a correct reconstruction of what actually occurred."

Touching upon hidden motives is both the most delicate and dangerous of biographical arts, and rarely earns accolades from distinguished readers these days. In the case of Henry James, who took particular pleasure in destroying his intimate papers in order to thwart biography, the speculator is likely to offend a vast array of James scholars, all pointing with pride to the texts that articulate their individual view of the master. Near these scholars stand the cultural commissars, resisting any assessment of motive that is not sanctioned by good manners and the status quo.

It is with genuine regret, then, that I feel impelled to call attention to the difficult, emotional and perhaps incestuous relationship that Henry James maintained with his brother William, the noted philosopher, older than he by 15 months—a relationship I believe that does much to account for Henry's lifelong sexual inactivity. The fraternal connection was close in childhood, stormy when the brothers were young, and entered a new phase when William married in 1878 at the age of 36. William's marriage, which Henry described symbolically as his own "divorce" from William, marked a change in Henry's writing. It inaugurated a period when the fortunes of women, particularly jilted and betrayed women, predominated in his tales.

After William's marriage, the brothers' careers kept them mostly apart, despite various Atlantic crossings in connection with family deaths—their parents' and that of their sole sister, Alice. One reunion in London in 1889 (both brothers were in their late 40s) gives us a clue to their respective status in middle age. At the time, William wrote home to his wife:

> *Harry is as nice and simple and amiable as he can be. . . . He lives hidden in the midst of his strange heavy alien manners and customs; but these are all but 'protective resemblances,' under which the same dear old, good, innocent and at bottom very powerless-feeling Harry remains, caring for little but his writing, and full of dutifulness and affection for all gentle things.*

This is an odd portrait of a man who was then an internationally famous author, a huge social success in London, welcome in the loftiest political circles and a powerful presence in the society he frequented. It is, in fact, a picture of the "angel" of long ago, who surfaced whenever William was around. If Henry was "powerless-feeling" in William's company, we can be sure that the old emotional mode had taken precedence, undoing the egotistic personality noted by so many contemporaries and reducing him once more to the fixated and devoted younger brother.

William, on this trip, was near the height of his career. He still taught at

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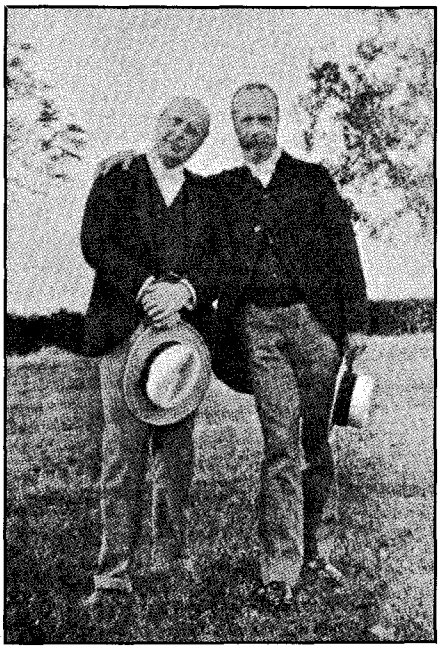
Harvard and had recently published his *Principles of Psychology*. He had many reasons to feel powerful—not only was his professional success international but his marriage had produced four sons and one daughter, an exact replica of his own father's progeny, no doubt a source of intense inner satisfaction. His feelings of mastery were undoubtedly reinforced by the fact that his younger brother, who had never married, was still unable to challenge his psychological ascendancy.

The next visit to be noted occurred in October 1899. At this time, the brothers had not seen each other for seven years, since William had come to Europe in 1892. They had both passed into late middle age. Henry had had a severe emotional crisis over the failure of his plays in London and had skirted a nervous breakdown. William's health had recently broken down. Severe chest pains necessitated a long rest, and he and his wife had chosen Europe for a vacation.

By this time Henry had bought Lamb House in Rye, where he was to end his days. William, belittling as usual, called his brother's new house "a most exquisite collection of quaint little stage properties." In general, he kept to his old opinion of Henry as powerless. "Harry is a queer boy," he wrote, "so good and yet so limited, as if he had taken an oath not to let himself out to more than half his humanhood in order to keep the other half from suffering. . . ." Later, he alludes to Harry's "helplessness." Leon Edel notes that, as usual, Henry was helpless only in William's presence.

After some ups and downs, William's health began to improve, which relieved Henry no end. Around Christmas 1899, Henry reports that he himself had been "worried, depressed, tormented in a high degree. . . . I have always regarded him as the pillar of my family life, and to see him down while I am up bewilders and disorientates me." The same letter contains a fascinating slip of the pen. Speaking of William, Henry writes, "the quiet, the private conditions, the sunny outlook . . . the garden, the birds, the rest, the comfort, the sense of protection from *me*!—by which I mean *by* me; all these things make so much for his gradual improvement." That Henry caught the slip himself does not change the implication of the original—that in some way William needed protection from Henry.

There is a snapshot taken of the two brothers at Rye around this time (reproduced here), that summarizes visually the tone of their lifelong relationship. William stands erect, his arm thrown comfortingly around Henry's shoulder, his face a mask of benevolence and strength. Henry, on the other hand, appears to be resting one shoulder against William's chest, and has tilted his head affectionately toward his brother. The whole effect is one of dependence and passivity, and contrasts strongly with other snaps taken of Henry at this time—photos in which he stands upright, squat and powerful.



Henry and William at Rye, 1900. From *Henry James: The Treacherous Years* **by Leon Edel (J. B. Lippincott).**

It was on this trip that Henry, for the first time, spent an extended period of time with his sister-in-law, over 20 years after she had married his brother. Although they would later become close friends, the stories he wrote around this time reflect his jealousy of her. "They contain a note of the feline," Edel writes, "and strange notes of cruelty." Edel goes on to say, "What matters are the emotions they incarnate—old love, old jealousy, old anger—of the little Henry who yearned with all the intensity of his being for acceptance by his brother." The tales, which include "The Two Faces," "The Beldonald Holbein" and "The Special Type," symbolize to Edel the emotions of "a brother scorned who equates himself with scorned women."

In one tale, "Broken Wings," written just before William's arrival, James tells of a man and woman who had been in love years before, but each had believed the other too successful and too bound up in careers (she a writer, he a painter) to have a life together. Now, years later, they discover that both are "broken" and can accept each other's love. Edel calls this "a wishful parable in which Henry equates his own recent failures with William's broken health. He seems to be saying . . . that perhaps now, at long last, he and William, their wings broken, are on the same footing—in the same boat."

William's physical weakness was the central fact of this visit. It undoubtedly altered Henry's perception of his brother, stripping William of some of the power Henry had always endowed him with. That Henry gained new psychic strength is reflected in the fact that soon afterward he was able, for the first time, to reach out to a succession of attractive and cultured young men for friendship. It was as if, in a private version of the Oedipal struggle, he had been able to shed the old fixation and branch out on his own. There is every reason to believe the friendships were platonic, and hinted at rather than delivered a true release from the old emotional nexus.

There is also a clear connection between this new inner freedom and the creation, soon afterward, of his two most richly emotional works, *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*. Edel describes the two works as containing "a quality of eroticism, an awareness of love absent in earlier works." Stephen Spender has written that the books were written by "a person who, profoundly with his whole being, after overcoming great inhibition, has accepted the *idea* of people loving . . . after a lifetime of deep human understanding, has arrived at a stage where in suffering and pity he could accept the physical fact of love."

Edel believes that the capacity of Prince Amerigo to accept the need for physical love in *The Golden Bowl* reflects James's fondness for Jocelyn Persse at this time. Yet it would be more accurate to assign this new inner freedom to a whole altered network of relationships, all deriving from his new liberation from William. The crack in the golden bowl, which represented the failure of art and artifice, was the crack in James's own over-elaborated life. He could now see that a life without passion was a life unlived, a life essentially fraudulent. He had freed himself at last. What came so easily to thousands of other writers—the depiction of physical passion in their art—had taken 60 years to find expression in James.

The liberation thus achieved had two immediate effects. First, he was able to travel home to America. He had been abroad for most of two decades. Now he could "recover a sense of his homeland."

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Another result was that after writing *The Golden Bowl* he produced no other major fiction for the remaining 13 years of his life. Edel believes that this novel represented some kind of resolution of the problems that had dogged him. The novel, and the events preceding its composition, had resolved the old conflict, the conflict that had precipitated his urge to write. He need labor no more. He spent four years, from age 62 to 66, editing the collected edition of his works, containing everything he wanted preserved. This was to some extent creative (he rewrote extensively) and certainly satisfying. But the overmastering need to construct whole fictional worlds had disappeared.

Edel writes that Henry arrived in America in late summer, 1904, "all power and drive." Certainly he was at the peak of his maturity. An enormous body of work lay behind him. More importantly, he had come to terms with the fears and anxieties of his earlier years. In America, he found himself a public figure. He gave talks, was invited to the White House by Theodore Roosevelt, gave a commencement address at Bryn Mawr, was entertained by the celebrated and the powerful. He toured St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis, San Francisco, in a minor triumphal procession. In every sense, he had arrived.

And what about William? It was now the older brother's turn to feel powerless. As the press and the establishment—artistic and political—took more and more notice of Henry, William grew uneasy. No doubt Henry sensed this, because he spent little time in his brother's homes in Cambridge and New Hampshire. But as the hullabaloo over Henry grew, William did an amazing thing. He quite suddenly left for Greece, entirely alone. He gave a flimsy excuse: he wanted to escape the influenza season. He was gone several months. But on his return from Greece, William spent only a brief time with his brother. He was not even on hand when Henry left for England—the two exchanged good-byes by mail.

William's absence, self-imposed, might be extenuated, but his behavior in another matter at the same time cannot. It seems that Henry had been elected to one of the 50 seats in the Academy of Arts and Letters in New York on the second ballot in February, 1905. William was elected on the fourth ballot in May of the same year. He found the invitation waiting for him when he got back from Greece. However, he declined it for several reasons, the most astounding being expressed as follows: "I am the more encouraged to this course [rejection of the invitation] by the fact that my younger and shallower and vainer brother is already in the Academy and that if I were there too, the other families represented might think the James influence too rank and strong."

This is an amazing avowal from a man in his 60s and a world-famous intellectual. Could it be only professional jealousy of Henry, or were there tensions of a deeper sort? Certainly the adjectives applied to Henry—"vain" and "shallow"—have a tone of moral disapproval. Did they reflect a deeper opinion of Henry, now articulated under the stress of professional rivalry? Was Henry's liberation from William now so evident that William was reacting angrily and neurotically to their changed status?

This is perhaps reading a great deal into a few words. But the circumstances of the refusal—the fact that Henry was in America, the newspapers were full of his doings, and William had had to flee to Greece—lend special weight to the words. They seem to be the top of a very deep iceberg.

In 1909, back in England, Henry's now-established serenity began to desert him with the discovery that the New York edition of his works had aroused almost no public interest. He described his writing as "utterly, insurmountably, unsaleable." Even more than the rejection of his plays by the London public, this seemed like a denial of his most vital self. He underwent a severe physical and spiritual crisis—depression, debility, withdrawal. He stayed in bed, dozed, was unable to eat. William and Alice, in America, decided that his condition was so serious they would visit him. William was in poor health too, but they made the crossing. His wife summed up the precarious state of the two brothers at Lamb House in her diary: "William cannot walk and Henry cannot smile." Henry himself spoke of his "black depression" and "beastly solitudinous life."

The turning point in this crisis, Edel believes, came with the occurrence of a dream from which Henry awoke on the morning of July 21, 1910, at his club. He wrote in his datebook that morning, "Woke up in great relief." Later he called it a "blessed waking." The dream is fraught with the image of a brother-figure or other-self that haunted him at stressful times all his life.

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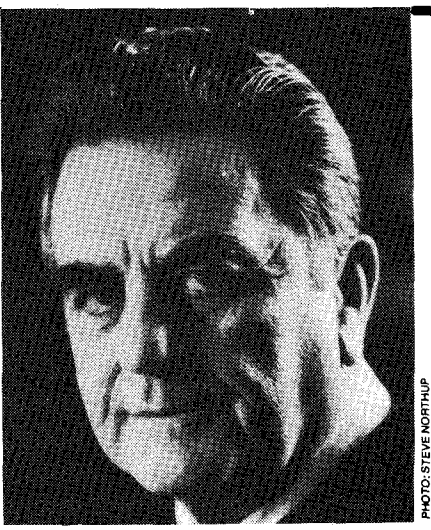

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In the dream, James is defending himself against someone trying to break through a door into a room he occupies in a gallery in the Louvre. The dreamer is terrified, then, in a brave reversal, he throws open the door and pursues the pursuer. "The figure retreated in terror before my rush and dash," James wrote in *A Small Boy and Others*. "Routed, dismayed, the tables turned upon him by my . . . straight aggression and dire intention, my visitant . . . sped for *his* life."

Edel points out that William was always in another room for Henry. "I never for all the time of childhood and youth in the least caught up with him or overtook him," Henry wrote. "He was always round the corner and out of sight. . . ."

Edel's interpretation of the nightmare is one of triumph over hostile aggression from a brother-figure, which returned to Henry the self-confidence he had lost with the failure of the New York edition. It is possible that the dream, in addition to imaging a physical threat, also reflected sexual anxieties and aggressions. Whatever its interpretation, it had great resonance for James and applied to the deepest layer of his psychic life.

Henry returned to America with William and Alice, sailing on August 12, 1910. A few days after their arrival, William died. Among his responses to the condolences that poured in, Henry wrote, "I was always his absolutely younger and smaller, hanging under the blest sense of his protection and authority." To another friend he wrote,

> *My relation to my beloved brother was such that my admiration for him and need of him were things that took the very first place in my life and understanding, and the extinction of his presence and powers . . . cuts deeper than I can say.*

To Edith Wharton he wrote, "My beloved brother's death has cut into me, deep down, even as an absolute mutilation."

But Edel believes that the mutilation also increased Henry's sense of power. He felt his strength returning in even greater measure as he found himself permanently free of William's overwhelming presence. He ascended, Edel writes, "to what had seemed, for sixty years, an inaccessible throne."

Henry spent a whole year in America—he was now 67—staying with his brother's family in Cambridge, socializing more and more, accepting an honorary degree from Harvard. When he set sail for England on July 30, 1911, it was for the last time. He would die of a cerebral embolism at Lamb House less than five years later.

During his final illness, Henry was first attended by his sister-in-law and her daughter Peggy. Later, William's son Harry, who would be Henry's executor, arrived. The last days were sad. At one point he thought he was on a ship, and then in Rome. His thoughts turned often to William. He said to his niece, "I hope your father will be in soon—he is the one person in all Rome I want to see." Later he remarked, "I should so like to have William with me." A few days before his death, he asked his sister-in-law to tell William he was leaving in two days. And in an echo of his Louvre dream, he often thought that his brother was with him, though in another room. He died on February 28, 1916. One of his last coherent remarks concerned his nephews: "Tell them to follow, to be faithful, to take me seriously."

* * *

In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, we can assume that Henry's relationship with his brother William was the central emotional experience of his life—and one that caused him intense pain. To what extent it was acted upon physically is now less important than that it be recognized for the powerful force it was, blocking not only the adult realization of his passions but that of his fictional characters until his latest work. His relation with his brother clarified one part of his vision while it forbade response, and thus stands as a metaphor for the doubleness of his art. Locked away in his heart and mind, coming between his perception and his sentences, were the forbidden feelings of his youth.

Using this relationship as a guide we can build a psycho-critical case of some dimension. A new look at Jamesian ambiguity, for example, not just as an aesthetic strategy but as an essential device for screening out feelings that were both unmentionable and unmanageable might be undertaken. Many of the novels and tales will yield new values when investigated from the same point of view, and they in turn will shed light on James's psychic needs. Space does not permit a detailed discussion, but two suggestions for further study might be made.

The Pupil (1890), one of James's more popular tales, is the story of an impecunious young man named Pemberton who becomes tutor to a precocious 11-year-old named Morgan Moreen. As the years go by (Morgan is 15 at the story's end) Pemberton becomes so attached to him he is willing to stay on, although Morgan's parents can't pay his salary. Later Morgan becomes ill. Pemberton is asked to take the boy away—in effect, adopt him. The boy is overjoyed, but his joy is not matched by Pemberton's. There is a moment when the tutor hesitates and Morgan understands all. Immediately, and without uttering another word, the boy collapses and dies.

This "delicate tale of a sensitive boy and his attachment to his tutor," as Edel describes it, is not the genteel equivocation on pederasty that it first appears to be. The relationship between the two is not that of a man and boy but of two young men. Pemberton's naiveté and Morgan's precocity close the gap. Their conversation is not of master and student but of friends, of *brothers*. In setting, tone and situation theirs is a family relationship.

And yet, ultimately, Morgan is the vulnerable one. His cynicism and experience will not save him if his companion's love is withheld. His death, so arbitrary and unconvincing, becomes intelligible when seen as a wound—the

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obscure hurt of brotherly rejection. His claim to life is synonymous with his claim to this love. The parallel with James's own feelings for his brother is remarkable; that this has not been widely noted is even more remarkable.

A second subject for investigation is the frequency in James (as Leo Bersani has pointed out) of the betrayal scene. This usually takes the form of intimacy glimpsed, of a revelation of emotion that *excludes the witness*. Isabel Archer in *Portrait of a Lady*, Hyacinth Robinson in *The Princess Casamassima*, Lambert Strether in *The Ambassadors*, Maggie in *The Golden Bowl*, are all traumatized by the sight of a closeness they cannot share. The result may be resentment or forgiveness, but the sense of betrayal remains, becoming a hurt from which the witness does not recover.

Why is this betrayal theatricalized in so many works? Why is intimacy perceived as both dangerous and impossible? Why is seeing, in effect, a punishment and love a mortal wound?

Again, some experience of forbidden love explains these parables most easily. Since William was the *only* profound love in Henry's life, occupying "the very first place," as Henry put it, and since we know this love was betrayed by William, we need look no further for the raw material of the fictional vision.

Whether, in literary biography, intuition and scholarship can establish "parity between hunter and hunted," in Edel's words, depends on the risks the biographer is willing to take. Fraternal incest is probably as ungracious a gloss on James's life and work as one can imagine. Very few writers are empowered by personal taste or professional courage to deal with it. Henry's feelings for William are much more attractive if preserved as brotherly affection and no more. Lionel Trilling, in his preface to the 1948 Macmillan edition of *The Princess Casamassima*, explores these brotherly feelings most sensitively, in the context of two characters in the novel—the briskly masculine Paul Muniment and Hyacinth Robinson, the child-man—who, he believes, stand in the same ratio to each other that William did to Henry. Trilling even finds that Hyacinth (like Morgan Moreen) dies of "the withdrawal of love." But such insights and interpretations still leave "something incomplete and unexplained" in Henry's life, as Edmund Wilson says, inviting us to look deeper—into the very abyss. The fear and resentment such a look will inevitably provoke in those who have staked a prior claim to the territory of Henry James should not deter us from the attempt to see more.

Richard Hall

Richard Hall is contributing editor for books for *The Advocate* and a member of the National Book Critics Circle.

The Powers That Be by David Halberstam

(Knopf; $15)

[continued from front cover]

friends privately that it had in fact been a mistake, a terrible mistake) but a product of what was thought to be the best of American men and thought at that time. And there was a terrible irony in that, a tragic irony.

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TEXAS

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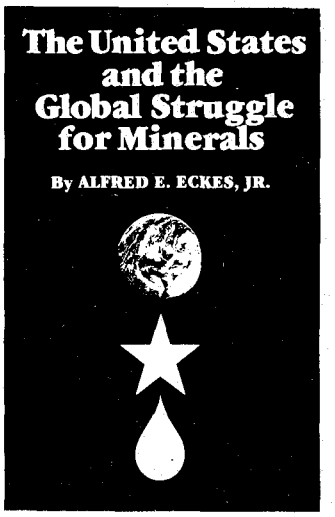

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Halberstam, not liking these men, perhaps even hating them, had both illuminated and eviscerated them.

Now, for an encore, he had written *The Powers That Be*. It had taken him seven years and more than a thousand interviews, and it was long, very long, 771 pages. It was about the media. Their growth. Their power. Their influence on national politics. Specifically, it was about four media empires, CBS, Time Inc., the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, and the big men (and two big women: Katherine Graham and Dorothy Chandler) who made them. True to form, there were anecdotes about the great throughout, they were the backbone and the great strength of the book, they made it fun to read, almost gossipy, and they could be very useful too. It explained a lot when Halberstam told the story of Adlai Stevenson, bald Adlai, egghead Adlai, Adlai who lost because he disdained and didn't understand television—Adlai finally and reluctantly hiring a television adviser in 1952 and, one night when the TV in his room wasn't working, asking the adviser to come down and fix it, Adlai being so naive of the ways of this new world that he assumed a man who *knew television* could fix a broken set. Whereas Ike, bald but no egghead, was getting coaching from CBS correspondents on how to speak on TV.

But Halberstam's devotion to the anecdote was so fierce and unbending, so loyal and total, that there were times when he would use anecdotes that, later, would cause readers of *The Powers That Be* to shake their heads, to wonder why they were reading this particular story. He had begun *The Powers That Be* with a story about Sam Rayburn. Speaker Sam. Short. Bald. Yet powerful. The point of the story was that Sam hated television, hated what it was doing to politics, but Halberstam went on and on about Sam taking a trip to El Paso, Sam crossing the border to Juarez, Sam driving back across to El Paso but still believing he was in Juarez. What difference did it make whether he hated television while knowing he was in El Paso or hated television in El Paso while thinking he was hating television in Juarez, people would wonder. Then there was the story of Walter Cronkite, assigned to Moscow by UPI in the late 1940s and bringing with him hundreds of golf balls, although "(a) Walter Cronkite did not play golf and (b) there were no golf courses at all in the Soviet Union." So sometimes the anecdotes, although about big men, didn't tell Halberstam's readers big things.

Sometimes, too, Halberstam's big sentences would lead people to think that he had been closely studying the works of Gertrude Stein, big Gertrude, literary Gertrude. He could write of a *Los Angeles Times* reporter: "To most politicians that was simply Bergholz being Bergholz, Bergholz was tough with all politicians, part of the game, but to Nixon, with that terrible sensitivity, everything always so personalized, it was not Bergholz being Bergholz, it was Bergholz being against Nixon." Other times people would think perhaps Halberstam had gotten in the habit of buying novels in airports as he flew around the country doing his interviews, for he would occasionally say things like, "It was a relationship edged in money and hate" and "The fear was there, naked and stark, with a smell of its own." Other times he would just be redundant, repeat himself; "He was *sui generis*, there was no one else like him"; "Lippmann was thus very good at staying young, at not aging"; "The speed with which Hitler had come to power had been speeded up."

No matter. Halberstam had a lot to tell. His book began with the ascension of Franklin Roosevelt and chronicled American political history through the fall of Richard Nixon, with an emphasis on the influence of the media (which was important, very important, and growing). So there were the stories of the presidents and how they used the press, and there were the stories of the press itself, the great men who had shaped it and made it powerful. The point of all the stories was that the media have become more powerful over the last 50 years, and as a result the men who have been elected have been the ones who knew best how to use the media and were (in a very real and human sense) created by the media. The point was also that as the media have become more powerful in politics, the parties and the city machines have become less powerful. And that the government has devoted more and more of its attention to manipulating the media. And that, finally, the very power of the press has been its Achilles' heel, has made it ever bigger, more corporate, and more ardent for profits and respectability.

These were not points new to Halberstam, other men had made them before, just as other men had written about Nixon and Johnson and Kennedy and CBS and the *Post*. Halberstam, however, put them all into one big book

THE SALMON POACHER

Who is that child of fourteen that stands on a bridge
In Ireland, in Galway City, mid a crowd of cronies,
All keeping a sharp eye out for patrolling Garda,
And dangles his three-pronged hook in the shallow water
Twenty feet below, where pink and heavy and long
The great fish swim upstream to their places of spawning?

Cheered on by his watchful friends, he jerks the line
With the naked prongs, hoping to snag a big one—
And does, hauls it up hand over hand till it flops
At his feet, where quickly he kills it under his heel,
Takes it and runs to the nearest expensive café,
Leaving a bright red spot on the walk of the bridge.

There he sells his fish for a fiver, at least, he,
Charity's child, who plays this game with the Garda,
Who wink, on long summer evenings in the west of Ireland
Out in the center of the old Weir Bridge with his pals,
All filled with that something ecstatic that haunts the air there
As the sun sets cold and red on the commons and meadow

By Galway Bay, where cattle and horses graze
In the golden distance and students now harry a ball,
Just off the Claddagh, home of dark fisher folk,
Home of that child of fourteen who stands once a day
On a bridge over swans, over salmon in the west of Ireland,
In Galway City, mid a crowd of his cronies, all cheering

Him on and playing their game with the Garda, who wink.

Ennis Rees

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as no one else had. For this he had paid a price, a costly price. His big plans for his book forced him to deal with people and institutions and themes that were less than unfamiliar to all his readers—no, more than that, it forced him to tell in great detail stories that most people already knew. The feud between Joe McCarthy and Edward R. Murrow ("Murrow. The right man in the right place in the right era."). The Kennedy-Nixon debates. The Tonkin Gulf incident. The Pentagon Papers. How Woodward and Bernstein broke the Watergate story. How Dan Rather stood up to Nixon at a press conference.

Halberstam told these stories well, he had little details other men had missed, but he did best with material wholly unfamiliar to his readers. He was at his least impressive when dealing with the great men of the media, men like Henry Luce ("Henry Robinson Luce. Harry.") and Ben Bradlee ("The rough-handsome face. The little strut to his walk. The suits slightly out of fashion"). His best profile was of Philip Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post*, brilliant Phil, driving Phil, who built a great empire and then lost his mind and killed himself, and whose story had remained politely unwritten for years. (Phil's wife Katharine, once dutiful, dowdy Kay, later powerful Kay, Kay must have told Halberstam about Phil, there were stories that could only have come from her, and this was impressive, that Halberstam got her to talk.)

There were limits, too, crucial limits, built into Halberstam's approach. Great men shape history, Halberstam thought, and at times he was right. No one could doubt that the passionate anti-Communist gospel that once filled *Time* was tremendously influential in the 1950s and was the product of Luce, there probably would have been a *Time* without Luce but it would have been different. So there was, in describing Luce, a purpose, a means of explaining politics. But Halberstam also invested tremendous space in delineating the character of William S. Paley of CBS ("He was young and handsome and rich and smart, and the enthusiasm, indeed the avidity for life, for every phase of it, seemed to jump out from him"), who, while an interesting and important man, in the end pretty much ran CBS according to the dictates of the Nielsen ratings and the stock market. This Halberstam presented as a terrible irony, an immense tragedy, even an ironic tragedy, but if there had been no Paley somebody else certainly would

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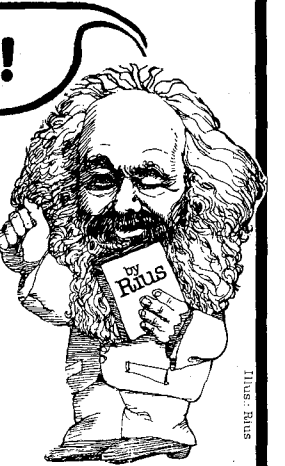

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have built TV according to the dictates of the ratings and the market.

Of course it was not just the men. It was the media too, they were powerfully influential, they shaped history, Halberstam's version of American history was as media-determinist as Frederick Jackson Turner's was frontier-determinist. As Halberstam told it, Roosevelt was powerful because he knew how to use the media. The media created McCarthy and then destroyed him. Then the media created the imperial presidency and John F. Kennedy (Richard Nixon was created by the *Los Angeles Times* but then destroyed by the media generally). The media didn't create the war in Vietnam, but the imperial presidency and John Kennedy did, and the media had created them. Then the media covered the war, showed the American people that it was wrong, terribly wrong and pointless and doomed, and so destroyed Lyndon Johnson and eventually ended the war. Halberstam cited as the crucial turning point, the single act that did most to end the war, Walter Cronkite's half-hour special on CBS about the Tet offensive. That it might have been the Tet offensive that turned the American people against the war, rather than Cronkite's broadcast, wasn't in Halberstam's schema, to say that would have presented events as influencing the media rather than the media as influencing events.

Halberstam, in his way, liked the media. *The Best and the Brightest* had been a book written in righteous anger, aimed at destroying people's faith in the Establishment, he was quite emphatic about pinning on the Establishment the blame for Vietnam in a way that called into question everything else the Establishment might do. But while *The Powers That Be* had its villains, even media villains (glisteningly ambitious Bill Paley, blandly ambitious Frank Stanton), it also had many heroes. As it happened, they were all reporters, brilliant reporters, courageous, sensitive reporters, Halberstam hardly ever quoted from their stories or explained what was so good about them, their brilliance was just *assumed*. Halberstam filled his book with passages like this one about the *Los Angeles Times* Washington Bureau:

> *They were uncommon talents: Don Brucker, later to become a vice president of the University of Chicago, an extraordinarily talented and cerebral reporter, covered civil rights with great sensitivity and feeling for detail; Jack Nelson, forceful, relentless, fearless, began to bore in on the FBI and some of its misdeeds; Stuart Loory, supremely able, supremely independent, covered the White House.*

These brilliant reporters had just one noble concern, they cared solely, as Halberstam wrote of one of their editors back in LA, "about investigative reporting, about the responsibility journalism had to help protect citizens from governmental or corporate abuse."

Arrayed against them were scheming, manipulative government officials, grasping businessmen, meddling publishers, cautious, profit-hungry advertisers. What went wrong was their fault, not the reporters'. Halberstam trundled out his cannons against any encroachment upon reporting, he took this kind of thing seriously, it was important to him, he did not find it amusing. The CBS program "The Beverly Hillbillies" was "so demented and tasteless that it boggles the mind"; as for "Hogan's Heroes," "The immorality of the decision to place this program on the nation's airwaves was staggering." Other men might find these programs harmless, even (they would remember later) funny, not Halberstam.

So the real message of *The Powers That Be* would not be only that the media are powerful, but also that reporters are great, and in that respect it would most likely have an effect exactly the opposite of the effect of *The Best and the Brightest*. For *The Best and the Brightest* had certainly been influential, its title alone had passed into the language as a term of opprobrium, meaning, watch out for smart people who run the government. Halberstam, the big hunter, had helped destroy the respectability of an elite but now he was doing something different, he was helping make a new elite respectable (didn't he always refer to it as "the profession"?), even glamorous, the subject of a book that would be widely devoured for the stories it told about their lives, a big, sprawling, powerful book, a book so big only one man could have written it. Halberstam.

Nicholas Lemann

Nicholas Lemann is an associate editor of *Texas Monthly* and a contributing editor of the *Washington Monthly*.

The Russian New Right
Right-Wing Ideologies in the Contemporary USSR
by Alexander Yanov

(Institute of International Studies, University of California, Berkeley; $3.95)

That the multinational USSR, far from having "irrevocably solved" its nationality problem (as regularly claimed by its spokesmen), is actually rent by ethnic antagonisms and by a variety of potentially explosive nationalisms is not exactly news to any serious student of Soviet affairs. In fact, in recent years more scholarly works have probably been produced on unrest in the Ukraine, or on the smoldering anti-Russian feelings in the Baltic republics, or on the implications of the population explosion in Central Asia, than on any other aspect of the contemporary Soviet scene. But the burgeoning nationalism of the country's most populous group—the Russians—has thus far claimed little attention by Western scholars and experts on the USSR.

This may be due, perhaps, to the fact that Russian nationalism is generally considered old hat. It was none other than Stalin, after all, who back in the 1930s rediscovered the spell of "eternal Russia." During World War II, he appealed unabashedly to Russian patriotic sentiments, rehabilitated the Orthodox Church (for its "services to the Fatherland"), and revived the military pageantry and symbolism of the Tsarist regime. The Russian people, said the Generalissimo in his famous toast at the end of the war, are "the most outstanding nation of all the nations within the Soviet Union." In the years that followed, he called upon the hundred-odd ethnic minorities of the Soviet Union to emulate their "elder brother"; and in 1947-49 he presided over the "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign, with its undisguised antisemitic witch-

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hunts and spirited claims that all major scientific inventions and discoveries over the past two centuries had been the work of genuine Russians, rather than decadent Westerners—including the radio (credited to a gentleman by the name of A. S. Popov) and penicillin (product of the joint efforts of V. A. Manassein and A. G. Polotebnov).

Clearly, then, contemporary Russian nationalism has a distinguished (and well documented) lineage; which may explain why hardly anyone bothers about it today. This is a pity, for there is plenty of evidence that the current manifestations are not merely a continuation of trends set in motion more than 40 years ago, but also something rather new and different. Stalin, while exploiting—indeed, deliberately inflating—Russian national sentiments, was able to harness them to the Marxist-Leninist bandwagon. As Stalinist doctrine had it (I am quoting from official texts), a true "proletarian internationalist" was one who "without reservation, without wavering, without stipulations, is ready to defend the USSR." But the USSR had to be defended (and this line, of course, was beamed to *Soviet* citizens) not only because it was the "base of the revolutionary movement," but also because it represented the highest stage in the development of the "tremendous historical mission of the great Russian people." Moscow was, to be sure, the bastion of the "international workers' movement." But it was at one and the same time the repository of the "glories" of eternal Russia and the mighty citadel of the Soviet state. And who can deny that this dialectical nostrum paid off? Hundreds and thousands of young Soviet soldiers went to battle with the cry *"za Stalinu, za rodinu!"* (for Stalin, for the Fatherland), no doubt convinced that to fight for Soviet power was to fight for Holy Russia, that Stalin was a latter-day Kutuzov, that to die in Stalingrad was as noble as to have laid down one's life in defense of Borodino; and that their supreme sacrifice earned them the everlasting gratitude of the world's "toiling masses."

The Brezhnev regime, of course, is still burdened with Stalin's ideological heritage: note the recurrent attempts to rescue "proletarian internationalism" from the onslaughts of Eurocommunism and other revisionist heresies. But in the Soviet Union, hardly anyone believes any longer in the verities of Marxism-Leninism. The demolition of the Stalin myth has not led to the rise of a new socialist ideology, cleansed of its Stalinist excrescences, but to a spiritual vacuum, where cynicism and rampant "consumerism" vie with a restless search for a new "meaning of life." The latter is true especially of the intelligentsia, traditionally prone to live "not by bread alone." The dissident "Democratic Movement," with its emphasis on Western liberal values, is but one result of this search. Far more pervasive—and more responsive to *popular* yearnings—is the current religious revival and the resurgence of national sentiments, from their most benign forms (e.g., veneration of the "simple Russian peasant") to the revival of old pan-Slavic myths, of the "spiritual" mission of Russia, of passionate resentment against the West, of general xenophobia and antisemitism.

Today's Russian nationalists, of whatever stripe, have no use for the Stalinist "Soviet-Russian" symbiosis. Their nationalism represents a complete repudiation of standard Communist ideology. Even those of them who dream (not unlike some late 19th-century Russian Slavophiles) of a new imperialism based on a fusion of Russian Orthodoxy and the existing social and political order have nothing but contempt for the libertarian and universalist strands of Marxism. If they admire Lenin and Stalin, it is because they see them as heirs to the autocratic traditions of imperial Tsardom, rather than to Marxism, that loathsome spawn of Western civilization and Judaic philosophy.

One should therefore be grateful to Mr. Alexander Yanov, a former Soviet journalist and an historian by training, now teaching at an American university, for delving into this largely unexplored and murky territory, and for doing it in so searching, penetrating and provocative a manner. To be sure, the book is not without flaws. For one thing, Yanov is convinced that Russian nationalism follows an historically inevitable pattern, starting with a liberal phase, and ending with full-blown authoritarianism, either of an isolationist kind (let the West rot while we build our new

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civilization) or of an imperialist variety (let us spread the Word beyond our borders). While he is on sound ground as far as the 19th century is concerned—Slavophilism did indeed evolve from a deeply humanitarian philosophy into a creed preaching pathological hostility to the West and the supremacy of the Russian people—his theory is as suspect and incapable of verification as any other species of historical determinism.

Furthermore, in his zeal to demonstrate the inexorable nature of the laws of history, Yanov tends to make short shrift of, say, the purely apolitical religious revival in the Soviet Union, and to attribute excessive importance to writings of the "lunatic fringe" variety. Rather than viewing the diverse manifestations of Russian nationalism as inchoate phenomena, he sees them all as part and parcel of a grand design to work out "an alternative [political] strategy," the products of a "gigantic underground ideological laboratory." All this leads him, in turn, to postulate only two paths for the future of Russia: either a radical attempt to modernize the country's increasingly malfunctioning institutions, or a descent into a new despotism, chauvinistic, brutal, dangerous to the Soviet people and to the world outside.

Yet any Western reader who may be tempted to dismiss Yanov's book as yet another exercise in apocalyptic prognostication would be well advised to resist the temptation. Yanov may exaggerate the popular appeal of the *samizdat* writer Gennadi Shimanov, whose works are filled with poisonous hatred of anything Western, of liberalism, of democracy, of Jews, and who advocates an alliance between Soviet power and militant Russian Orthodoxy as a means of establishing Moscow's primacy "throughout the world." But his interpretation of the essential political meaning of Shimanov's "doctrines," and his comparison of Shimanov's views with those of certain Russian thinkers of the late 19th century (all of which he fully documents) is as just as it is correct. He may fail to make some necessary distinctions among the members of the All-Russian Social Christian Union for the Liberation of the People—a group of high-strung young men who in the late 1960s conspired (rather ineffectually) to set up a new theocracy in their country. But he is altogether right in calling attention to their fundamentally undemocratic, chauvinistic and dangerously utopian notions.

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Much the same is true of Yanov's chapter on Solzhenitsyn. I find it highly unlikely that Solzhenitsyn would ever—as Yanov seems to suggest—come close to the views of Shimanov and other like-minded religious-nationalist totalitarians. But the Solzhenitsyn of today, as Yanov convincingly demonstrates, is not the same man as the Solzhenitsyn of 10 years ago. His deep mistrust of Western liberal values and institutions (which has intensified since the day he became an unwilling resident of our permissive society), his conviction that communism is entirely a Western importation, without any roots in the political culture of his native country, his contempt for the secular Russian intelligentsia as the carriers of a basically "anti-Russian" virus have certainly propelled him into increasingly absurd and extreme positions. As Yanov points out, Solzhenitsyn's peculiarly "ethnic" interpretation of communism is illustrated most glaringly in his quasi-documentary novel *Lenin in Zurich*. In it the Bolshevik leader is described as being only one-quarter Russian by blood, and under the diabolical spell, moreover, of Helphand Parvus, a German-Jewish adventurer, financial operator and professional revolutionary—the evil genius, according to Solzhenitsyn, of the Russian Revolution.

The current tide of Russian nationalistic tendencies has permeated, as Yanov demonstrates, both the official establishment ("the upstairs") and dissident Russian circles ("the downstairs"). Again, whether the two are ineluctably driven into each other's embrace is something only the future will tell. But that they share certain common assumptions, passions and even goals seems indisputable. In the late 1960s, for instance, the official journal *Molodaia gvardia* (The Young Guard) published a series of articles preaching the superiority of the Russian nation. Communism, said some of its authors, is nothing less than yet another mighty chapter in the development of the "Russian spirit." At the same time, the *samizdat* journal *Veche*, which started out as a comparatively liberal nationalist publication, was printing articles advocating the creation of a pan-Slavist empire headed by Moscow. Other articles lashed out against "rootless cosmopolitanism," that offspring of "the Jewish national character," or attempted to prove, with an ardor deserving of better causes, that "Leninism has incomparably more in common with Russian Orthodoxy and Slavophilism than with Marxism and Catholicism."

True, *Veche* also published articles of a liberal and ecumenical character. True, its editor, Vladimir Osipov, was finally put in jail for eight years, and the editor of *Molodaia gvardia* was removed from his post (with nothing more calamitous happening to him afterward). Still, neither of these "administrative" measures has stemmed the growth of Russian nationalism, "upstairs" or "downstairs." Many former dissidents, now in the West, have found a home in various right-wing, monarchist and antisemitic émigré publications (a few samples of their contributions are reproduced in Yanov's book). In the Soviet Union, the extreme "official" nationalists have put their talents at the service of *Komsomolskaia pravda* (organ of the Communist Youth League), *Ogoniok* (a popular weekly edited by an old Stalinist hack), the monthly *Nash sovremennik* (Our Contemporary—a journal with pronounced, though diverse, Slavophile tendencies), where they entertain their readers with chilling stories about the international "Zionist-Masonic" conspiracy.

The Russian New Right is not the most comprehensive account of the complex phenomenon of contemporary Russian nationalism. Yet by concentrating on its most noxious manifestations, by analyzing some of their similarities with the more moderate varieties, and finally by calling attention to the alarming spread of chauvinistic sentiments among Soviet dissidents, Yanov has performed an inestimable service to anyone interested in the political realities of present-day Russia. He is not the only Russian intellectual who is profoundly dismayed by what is going on in his country. In Moscow the eminent writer and scholar Lev Kopelev (author of that magnificent memoir, *To Be Preserved Forever*) warns against "the heralds of Great Russian superstate chauvinism," who openly propagate their "monarchist nationalist" and "racist" views in newspapers, magazines and books, as well as occasionally over the state-controlled television network. In Paris, that perhaps greatest of all contemporary

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Russian writers, Andrey Sinyavsky, is now publishing a new journal, *Syntaksis*, aimed at combating what he calls the rising tide of "Russian fascism." ("It comes in three variants," said Siniavsky to me when I saw him in Paris last autumn: "'official,' 'populist,' and 'religious'; and of the three I as a Russian Orthodox find the last the most detestable of all.") One may have reservations about the term "fascism." But by any other name it would still smell as foul.

Abraham Brumberg

Abraham Brumberg is the former editor of *Problems of Communism* and is currently Guest Scholar at the Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies (Washington, DC).

The Eighth Day of Creation by Horace Judson

(Simon & Schuster; $16.95)

James Watson's *The Double Helix*, the account of how he and Francis Crick discovered the structure of DNA, is a minor classic of autobiography. To retell the story, as the bombastically entitled *Eighth Day of Creation* begins by doing, may seem at first a venture of inexcusable hubris. What justifies the attempt is that Watson related only the first chapter of the story, the heady few months in 1951-53 when he and Crick visualized the evocative molecular architecture of the hereditary material. Watson stopped short of describing the consequences of that discovery, which laid the basis for the modern scientific understanding of life. The man who guided that follow-up process, who made many of the key discoveries himself and encouraged others to make the rest, was Francis Crick.

Crick, Watson's colleague at the Cavendish laboratory in Cambridge, England, moved recently to the Salk Institute in San Diego. He emerges from Horace Judson's chronicle as the dominant intellectual influence in the creation of molecular biology, perhaps even as one of the most interesting scientific figures of the mid-20th century. The discovery of the structure of DNA threw biologists on both sides of the Atlantic into a ferment of activity. No one could control such a process but Crick; by force of intellectual character he gave it a shape and direction. He decided who was doing interesting work, and included them in the "magic circle" of his colleagues and correspondents. He defined what were the central problems of molecular biology and what were the trivial details that could be left to biochemistry. "No one man created molecular biology. But Francis Crick dominates intellectually the whole field. He knows the most and understands the most," says the French biologist Jacques Monod.

Darwin had divined the grand design of the living kingdom, but the details were written in the language of DNA. Judson's book is the chronicle of how Crick and his magic circle deciphered the language bit by bit until, from the bare minimum of clues, they had figured out the essential operation of the genetic machinery: that DNA makes RNA, RNA makes proteins, and the proteins do everything else; that the sequence of the bases in DNA specifies the sequence of amino acids in a protein (the genetic code); that gene-length sections of DNA are copied onto messenger-RNA, while transfer-RNAs capture and align amino acids for protein synthesis in the order specified by the messenger-RNA. It was a remarkable foray into the darkness, a true revolution, when compared with the state of almost total ignorance that prevailed prior to 1953.

Judson, a former European correspondent for *Time*, has spent almost 10 years preparing *The Eighth Day of Creation*. His principal implement of research is the tape recorder. Much of the book consists of almost unedited transcripts of conversations with the leading actors. The advantage of the technique is that the actors tell their story directly, without a historian's mediation or second guessing. Judson has captured with remarkable clarity the actual process by which scientific ideas evolve among groups of researchers, the excitement of being part of the network in which discoveries are conceived, and the extraordinary exhilaration of being first to discover that which can only be discovered once.

The dead-hand conventions of scientific writing prohibit any personal references or allusions to the history or psychology of discovery. Judson's book fills this gap for a large and significant part of the molecular biology revolution. Here is Crick describing how to get samples of human lysozyme, an enzyme found in tears:

> *I used to go into the lab every morning and* weep—*the lab assistant would produce an onion, and I would look at that, and I would* think sad thoughts, *because that helps, and we would take some tears. . . .*

Molecular biology was born from the fusion of the British structural school of X-ray crystallography with the group of American geneticists who studied bacterial viruses. Judson has recorded the essence of this unique era of intellectual history. But at 330,000 words his book is too long. After all, Watson's and Crick's original paper on the structure of DNA ran only 1000 words. Judson is too respectful of his actors. He lets them speak at length, which is fine when Crick or Brenner has the stage, not so riveting with the less articulate players. It may also be that Judson has played down the intense competition that often characterizes active areas of research. Some 15 Nobel prizes have gone to the founders of molecular biology, a degree of kudos likely to engender fierce disputes over who did what first, but Judson has little to say on this score. A priority dispute over who

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The length of Judson's chronicle denies it the readability that his raw material deserves. But the substance is there. He has conceived a great theme, and has done it, or nearly done it, justice in the execution.

Nicholas Wade

Nicholas Wade is a reporter for *Science* magazine.

Bernard Berenson: The Making of a Connoisseur by Ernest Samuels

(Harvard University Press; $15)

A penniless boy in the Lithuanian Pale at 10, when he had emigrated with his family to America in 1875, Bernard Berenson at 36 was a sophisticated art connoisseur who presided, with his wife Mary, over a sumptuously restored Florentine villa, *I Tatti*. How Berenson—born Bernhard Valvrojenski—got from one to the other is Ernest Samuels's crowded but vivid tale, and his experience in handling the Boston and international scene in his biography of Henry Adams has stood him in good stead.

Despite an Indian summer of acclaim, Berenson's reputation has not weathered well. Part of the reason is the wittily venomous portrait of the later "B.B." in S.N. Behrman's masterly dissection of the spectacular art impresario Lord Duveen, published in 1951 when Berenson was 86. Another reason was Berenson himself. In pursuit of an artistic authenticity often decried as a conjuring exercise but which he defended as scientific, and which outraged critics, dealers and collectors (at least those he did not advise at his usual fee), he had long courted malice while pocketing the material rewards of his trade.

Although a second volume covering the *I Tatti* years is promised, this first, independent in itself, projects enough references forward to become a self-contained unit. We are regularly aware of the courtly sage of Settignano two post-wars later, who had always felt that the uses of adversity were overrated. There had been enough of it in the Pale of Settlement to convince him afterward, according to Samuel, "that life should be lived as a kind of holy ritual, indeed as a 'sacrament.'" For his antireligious father, who saw no boon having come to the observant Jews all around him as a result of fasting and prayer, there was no acceptable ritual except work, and young Bernard grew up in what was then (and is now again) Russia, and later in Boston, without Hebrew studies and without the traditional Bar Mitzvah.

As a scholar of Italian painting he was inevitably drawn to the ceremony which had been absent from his life, and he embraced the aesthetics of Rome, quickly divesting himself of the theology. Even earlier, the traditions to which he had been drawn as a student at the Boston Latin School, and afterward at Harvard, had similarly magnetized him. At Cambridge Berenson had even become an Episcopalian. (He would bequeath his estate, with its library and pictures, to his *alma mater* as a center for the study of Renaissance art.)

Friends and well-wishers in Cambridge and Boston made possible the $700 stake it then took for a frugal postgraduate year abroad to study art. Isabella Stewart Gardner, the imperious and acquisitive "Mrs. Jack" who would erect Fenway Court, probably provided much of it. When the pilgrim of culture embarked on the *Grand Bretagne* in 1887, he did not expect to be away for seven years. Still, his purse kept being refilled with the minimum essentials, first by well-to-do Harvard friends. Then his own efforts sufficed once he discovered that there was a huge difference in price between a painting only attributed to a "name" artist and one "authenticated" as a "name" canvas, even though not a brushstroke was changed in the process. Since it took an established connoisseur to provide that imprimatur, Berenson would acquire the appropriate credentials through fastidiousness of study and purpose, selective publication and carefully nurtured art contacts.

Had he remained in Boston, he told friends as one year abroad lengthened into the next, he would have been fixed as a fifth-rate hack writer, but he was becoming a "first-rate connoisseur of art." His sensibilities had become so finely tuned, he confided, that he could not bear to look at a picture or listen to music in the oppressive company of an audience. Aided in the galleries by an oversized magnifying glass, and in his study by the most comprehensive collection of photographs of Italian paintings any scholar had ever assembled, he had almost instant recourse to works by the artist in question or his students and peers. Authenticity was his driving force, he recalled, at first with "no idea, no ambition, no expectation, no thought of reward." But discovering that a scholar might be paid for his expertise in a murky field where dealers made immense sums over an allegedly authoritative yet imprecise attribution, Berenson may have experienced a crisis of idealism. By then, however, he was "sick of being poor," and had recognized that the commercial value of a picture often had little to do with its ability to communicate aesthetic subtleties or to uplift the human spirit. The mysteries of taste, the attractions of rarity, the compulsions of acquisitiveness would not have altered much had Berenson remained an art historian of modest means exploring early modern masters.

"Once embarked on the path of the lucrative connoisseurship," as Samuels puts it, Berenson "was to find his moral landmarks subtly displaced in the demi-monde of art-dealing," where intrigue and mystification were essential formulas. He would become trapped in the good life. Yet even "the tide of affluence," Samuels writes, did not relieve Berenson's deeper insecurities. He maintained an appearance of Olympian calm, "at the expense of much inner turmoil," for he understood how insecure were the foundations of the world of *I Tatti*. Neither religious conversions nor richness of cultivation would prevent people from referring to him as the "Polish Jew." Besides, the vagaries of taste, or of economics, might render his expertise worthless—not that the cycles of connoisseurship might forever leave his hard-won expertise behind, but that it might lose its market value in his time. He had lived on the edge of penury so long "that the money nexus of existence continually haunted

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him," and even conflicted with his natural gregariousness, for Florence was an attractive place for his clientele, and he had no choice but to entertain strenuously and expensively.

It was only appropriate that the professional aesthete, concerned about his social credentials, would acquire a companion to furnish the missing element. In Mary Smith Costelloe, of the Smiths of Friday's Hill, with their literary associations ranging from Lord Tennyson on one hand to Gertrude Stein on the other, Berenson found a disciple and mate. The only problem was that Mary already had a husband—a politically ambitious Catholic barrister—and two daughters. Nevertheless they began an uneasy attachment that would last, despite its frequent strains, all their lives; when Frank Costelloe conveniently died, the pair even married, although the ardor had long since vanished, and Bernard was often sullen with discontent.

Junoesque in figure and several years his elder, Mary may have seemed a Wagnerian heroine when Berenson was in his 20s, but when they married she was nearly 40, broad of beam, chronically ailing with female complaints, and absent often to visit her children or the bed of a younger art critic, often one of Bernard's protégés and pensioners. Yet despite the evaporation of the idyll, professional appearances and Mary's real value as manager made the legalities essential. There would be, Berenson wrote his favorite sister, Senda, "some more hocus pocus and a feast. Then we shall be man and wife." And in the chapel of *I Tatti*, which the Berensons had lavishly refurbished, largely out of commissions from Mrs. Jack in Boston, "the two long-lapsed Catholics knelt submissively before the prior of Settignano and with what theological reservations can be imagined exchanged their vows."

There was little that Berenson's family in Boston could do about the lifestyle of its famous offspring. From the beginning of his self-made connoisseurship, guilty about his defection and truly caring about some members of his family, especially the beautiful Senda, his chief correspondent in America, Bernard sent money home and was, in his success, a source of pride. His father's earnings—Albert Berenson was one of a struggling generation of intellectual peddlers—were meager, but the elder Berenson had struggled to get Bernard through Boston Latin School and Harvard. Bernard, even when he had to borrow against uncertain future income, would arrange for schooling for his brothers and sisters, risk setting his brother Abie up in business, and move the family to a suburban home in Dorchester. Dreading the ordeal of family affection, Berenson limited its physical manifestations. His generosity

Bernard Berenson, 1903. From *Bernard Berenson.*

was regular; his voyages home were rare.

On the 50th anniversary of his Harvard class he would declare that most of the Italian paintings that had come to America had "my visa on their passport," and it was true enough that he had either engineered their acquisition or abetted the shift in taste which made the emigration of early Renaissance art possible. Little had been known about Giorgione, Mantegna, Botticelli, Correggio, Lorenzo Lotto and other now-revered names when Berenson was a boy in Lithuania. A literary aesthete who taught himself the arcane "science" of artistic attribution and authentication, and once the supreme authority in the field, Berenson is now considered to have banked more upon intuition than documentation. Some of his confident attributions can no longer be sustained—"B.B." was even forced himself to disown an imaginative "Amico di Sandro" he had invented to explain stylistic similarities he identified in a group of drawings, and had the "remains," as he confessed, "restored to the artists from whom they had been taken." Still, he admitted

> *to a certain regret in suppressing this delightful, if mythical personality. An artist who began with the best of the younger Botticelli, and ended with the best of the younger Filippino, . . . who after doing most of the pictures I gave to Amico, matured into the Filippino we have always known, so overdraped, so uncertain in colour, and with such a tendency to anticipate those obvious exaggerations which for the vulgar constitute the baroque.*

Yet the fascinating, near-mythical life of Berenson remains, told as fully and elegantly as "B.B." would have liked, his unanticipated final debt to his prickly, anti-Semitic friend Henry Adams, who "could not forget that he was an Adams and was always more embarrassed than I was that I happened to be a Jew." It had been while working on his life of Adams that Samuels had discovered a run of letters from Berenson. One biography always seems to emerge from the index of the last one.

Stanley Weintraub

Stanley Weintraub, author of *Four Rossettis: A Victorian Biography* (McKay), is now at work on *The London Yankees: American Writers and Artists in London, 1894-1914* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Lovers of Their Time and Other Stories by William Trevor

(Viking; $10.95)

Graham Greene saluted William Trevor's first book of stories (*Angel at the Ritz*, Viking, 1976) as "one of the best collections, if not the best, since James Joyce's *The Dubliners*" and after reading the nine stories and one three-part short novel that make up Mr. Trevor's second collection I can see why: they are wholly masterful—quietly moving in their effects, democratic in their sympathies,

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and resonantly national in their manifest subjects. Greene did not intend a comparison between Trevor and his immortal fellow Irishman (Mr. Trevor was born in County Cork and now lives in England), yet in the qualities I have mentioned Trevor's stories are indeed Joycean, as they are in their sense of history as a nightmare with which the living must come to moral terms.

Mr. Trevor's history is the peculiarly cyclic course of events with which the English and the Irish have been afflicted in this century: the two great wars with Germany, and the two times of trouble in Ireland, in the 1920s and in Northern Ireland now. The best stories here—the three-part "Matilda's England," "Broken Homes," "Another Christmas" and "Attracta"—connect the private lives of ordinary English and Irish people to these encompassing public tragedies without sacrificing inwardness and individuality. History, we learn from Mr. Trevor, happens in the self, not simply in the great world.

This theme is brought out memorably in "The Tennis Court," the first story in the remarkable "Matilda's England" trilogy. The story leads up to a tennis party at a ramshackle estate in rural England. The party is the inspiration of the old widow who owns the estate. To help her restore the derelict tennis court for the great day, she has befriended the children of a neighboring family—including nine-year-old Matilda, the narrator of the story. The day comes; the party is a grand success; but Mrs. Ashburton is downcast. "It's all over," she mutters to a puzzled Matilda, "yet again." The date of the party is the key: August 31, 1939: war with Germany is about to break out "yet again," as Matilda learns from her mother after the party.

Mrs. Ashburton's late husband came back mad from the First War, and she has told Matilda about the bayonets and the gas and "the cruelty that was natural in wartime." Matilda goes through her own war in the two subsequent stories, and slowly the wartime cruelty comes into *her* heart as she loses her father and her brother and all her happiness. "I felt I'd been blown to pieces, as if I'd been in the war myself, as if I'd been defeated in it, as old Mrs. Ashburton had been defeated by her war." She tries marriage after the war—to the man who buys Mrs. Ashburton's estate with money made from war contracts—but it doesn't work: the war has made her cruel, has driven her mad. "There are casualties in war," someone says of her, "thousands of miles from where the fighting is."

If "Matilda's England" depicts a woman destroyed by history, "Attracta" records a moral triumph over the nightmare. Attracta, 61, is shocked into memory by a newspaper account of an atrocity in Northern Ireland. A Protestant teacher in the south of Ireland, Attracta is no stranger to sectarian violence: the story returns us to the time of the Black and Tans when her father and mother were accidentally murdered in an ambush set—one guesses—by the local chapter of the IRA. Attracta was too young to know who killed her parents, but when she was 11 a vicious gossip in the village told her who it was: Mr. Deveraux and Geraldine Carey, the two best people in Attracta's little world. They shot her parents down on the Cork Road in the 1920s, yet, a decade later, they are decent, kindly people, her best friends. The gossip had told the truth—they were murderers—but "time had turned the truth around."

That is the lesson Attracta has drawn from her private history, and now she tries to impart it to her class so that the children might live in this age of atrocity without losing all faith in man. Attracta relates her story and then the matching story of the incident in Belfast. She tells the class that the men who did this thing—cut the head off an English officer, mailed it to his wife and then raped the wife seven times when she came over to Belfast to join the peace movement—even these monsters may someday be good men again. "Time can turn the truth around." William Deveraux and Geraldine Carey are the proof.

Attracta's lesson—for which she is cashiered, by the way—is a very valuable one just now. Like truth, morality is historically contingent; our categorical condemnations must give way in the face of this contingency or else the cruelty of our age will blunt our hearts as surely as the cruelties of her age calloused the gentle heart of Matilda. Mr. Trevor's stories take in an abundance of life and are rendered in beautifully exact language, but what makes them bracing is the spectacle of the moral imagination winning its precious gains against history.

Jack Beatty

Coming:

Francine Du Plessix Gray on Thomas Merton.

Brief Reviews

Blood Feud by Richard Hannibal and Robert Boris

(Ballantine Books; $10)

Jimmy Hoffa was a wily, uneducated lout, the son of an Irish washerwoman from Detroit, a precocious organizer who spoke with his fists, and an unrelenting demagogue of the million-strong Brotherhood of Teamsters. Robert Kennedy was his better half: the hard-nosed idealist son of an Irish diplomat, businessman, and political sharpie. To cite Fitzgerald on Gatsby, Kennedy was "an elegant young roughneck."

The parallel drawn between them in *Blood Feud*, a documentary novel (Alex Haley calls this popular genre "faction"), may not be all that original. Kennedy's 10-year stalking of Hoffa was touted by the press as a personal battle between two enigmatic Irishmen, highbrow and hooligan. Arthur Schlesinger, Kennedy partisan and Bobby's most recent biographer, is forced in his book to make passing recognition of the similarities in the two mens' characters. But while in these earlier accounts Kennedy's and Hoffa's mutual grit made their political rise seem likely, in Hannibal's and Boris's novel it makes their bitter convergence seem inevitable.

The book begins with their youths—Bobby as a rich kid/law student in search of a cause, Jimmy as a feisty dockworker/local union hero who is once arrested 18 times in a day. But it fails to hit its stride until the out-and-out dogfight in 1957. As Senate chief counsel, Bobby initiates a clean-up of corrupt labor officials, naively, at first, seeking out frightened witnesses to testify. Hoffa is slippery and street-smart, though; his courtroom antics fuel his popularity with the Teamsters, and allow him to slip through Kennedy's defense.

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Bobby comes off in this book as a sort of white-collar Ahab: brooding, rigid, obsessed with chasing his "whale" to the point of recklessness. When Jack is elected president in 1960, brother Bob is appointed attorney general, and with the added clout goes after Hoffa in earnest. His investigations inevitably step on Mafia toes, and eventually, the book reads, cost Bobby and his brother their lives. Bosses are locked up, Hoffa begins to get panicky—he sends a suit to Chicago in a chauffered Cadillac because he thinks Kennedy has wired it for sound—and somewhere in this period the Cuban Missile Crisis momentarily freezes the world. This isn't a purely black hat/white hat affair; Bobby's frustration and impatience with the Hoffa chase lead him to several indiscretions: alienating the sluggish J. Edgar Hoover, illegally tapping Hoffa's office, and soliciting an indicted murderer, kidnapper and convicted burglar to spy on Hoffa's dealings. When Hoffa is finally put away in 1967 on 30-odd counts of fraud, Kennedy is left a scarred victor.

Blood Feud reads like a good movie script, delightfully cross-roughing between the White House, mobsters' meetings and Senate hearings. If there is a tendency here toward melodrama, it is redeemed by Hannibal's and Boris's knowledge and readable prose. The result of their well-researched effort—for those who care, the book remains within striking distance of historical reality—is a high-relief frieze of the American political scene—Bobby posed and rueful in the foreground, the underworld in the rear and Hoffa, fatally indecisive, in the middle.

Peter Reynolds

Peter Reynolds is a staff editor of *Quest/79 Magazine*.

A Backward Look: Germans Remember by Daniel Lang

(McGraw-Hill; $8.95)

Despite the longstanding reticence about World War II on the part of most Germans, Daniel Lang has managed to find a number of them willing to discuss their memories and feelings about the war years. Lang was inspired in this project by *Mit 15 an die Kanonen* (*To the Cannons at 15*), a study written by a German high-school class. Students were assigned to interview men of their town of Aachen who, when they were 15, had served as *Flakhelfer* (anti-aircraft helpers) in the *Wehrmacht*. Lang spoke with ex-*Flakhelfer* and their student interviewers, as well as with many other citizens in various regions of the country.

What emerges from all these interviews is not a coherent "German view" of the war, but radically differing, personal responses. Although some subjects choose to recall only their own individual experiences and sufferings, others go beyond, to contemplate the morality of the war and their own roles in the Nazi regime. Ex-*Flakhelfer* Günter Frentz, for example, scorns the emphasis on suffering that marks his peers' accounts of the war:

> *They seemed to confuse it with idealism, and, Frentz asserted, there had certainly been none of that—unless one equated it with allegiance to the regime. Frentz said, 'We were just youngsters, yes, but we were running with the pack—why not face it?'*

Not all the accounts are so thoughtful. Some of those interviewed seem chillingly indifferent to the horrors of the war. But others, like history teacher Rolf Lantin, use their memories of the past to change the present. Still haunted by his first sight of concentration camp prisoners, Lantin now tries to instill in his students "a challenging, critical sense" missing from his own youth. Lantin's form of backward look is particularly beneficial, for, as Daniel Lang comments, those who look back risk

> *giving in to an old and pernicious illusion; namely, that contemplating the sins of the past [is] an absolving force for the living. One [has] to earn the right to mourn. Otherwise, all [is] a matter of letting bygones be bygones, of practicing an acceptance that could lead only to repetition.*

That the diverse group of recollections in *A Backward Look* touch a chord in this country is attested to by the tremendous response Lang received after major portions of the book were published in the *New Yorker*. Lang has included an appendix of selected responses, which are almost as varied and moving as the interviews that prompted them.

L. D.

American Singers by Whitney Balliett

(Oxford University Press; $10)

The popular singers of this century are, in many ways, the modern counterparts of the ancient troubadours who traveled the countryside, plying their melodic and lyrical wares. The record industry, the whirlwind tours and the posh theaters and nightclubs have changed the outward trappings of their existence, but, like their predecessors, these singers seek to capture the fancy of the public by expressing the momentary thoughts and feelings that are relevant to their contemporaries. They are the products of their times, and their popularity depends upon the skill with which they fashion and barter their goods in the marketplace.

Whitney Balliett provides a witty and thoughtful study of 14 of these "new" troubadours in *American Singers*. He has chosen them because "they were first rate and available" and, in a series of informal interviews, he presents a picture of the various backgrounds and experiences that have shaped their music. Balliett also includes brief historical and personal commentaries that light up the cultural milieux from which these singers emerged.

The writing is crisp and the settings of the conversations are varied so that the format never becomes stale or predictable. Alberta Hunter is caught at a recording studio. Tony Bennett is followed for a day. Helen Himes is about to go onstage. Balliett interjects fleeting impressions of his own that are illuminating in their triviality (Ray Charles wrestles with a movie camera, with hands "like big hermit crabs"). The approach is warm and human—like two friends chatting over a drink.

While the prose envelops the reader like a comfortable old coat, Balliett occasionally lapses into an arch posturing that suffers from tunnel vision. He bemoans the fact that many of these artists are "unaccountably neglected" and that many of the venues for their work are "prone to fads and poor judgement."

What Balliett seems to forget is that "popular" artists are, by their nature, subject to the whims and "fads" of the public and that their success or failure is the result of the demands of the current market. While some of the singers included in this book have, perhaps, not received the acclaim they deserve, others have become established names.

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Tony Bennett is hardly neglected, he is merely not as popular as he once was because the times—and the tastes of the public—have changed.

Likewise, Balliett might have a personal affinity for Irving Berlin and Cole Porter (who are mentioned), but the pop world has moved on to new songwriters and performers such as Paul Simon and Burt Bacharach, who are continuing the popular tradition yet are conspicuously absent from these pages.

Taken as a collection of literary portraits, *American Singers* is a delightful and informative account of both the personalities and the culture that produced them. However, by limiting his scope to a self-defined musical style, Whitney Balliett has failed to place these artists in the constantly evolving genre that is popular music.

Harry Sumrall

Harry Sumrall is a composer and freelance music critic for the *Washington Post* and other papers.

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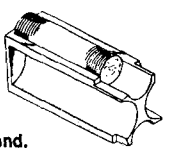

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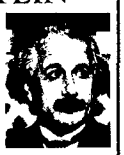

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China Diarist

Tiger's Bottom

China's modernization program and its reopening to the outside world have made the Peking Hotel one of the world's great hostelries. Not that it's in any sense like the Ritz or George V in Paris, or Claridge's in London—old, elegant or historic. Rather, it's a pass-through point for foreigners who want to make money or policy in China. Like the Intercontinentals in Riyadh and Amman, or the King David in Jerusalem (or the St. Georges in Beirut, before it got blown to bits), it's the place in whose lobby you stand if you want to find out who's in town from out of the country. A big red and gold sign by the elevator bank reads, "We Have Friends All Over the World." And it's true you can hear almost any language in the lobby—occasionally even Chinese, spoken by the help and by tour guides waiting to pick up their foreign charges.

The Communist liberation of 1949 may have done wonderful things for China's poor masses, their literacy level, nutrition and health, but it did nothing for Chinese architecture. Every beautiful building in China is a product of the bad old past. What's been constructed since liberation either is Soviet-Stodgy (such as the musty old wings of the Peking Hotel) or 1950s-Boring, as in the case of the new wing, the tallest building in Peking.

During Easter recess, the hotel was inundated with American members of Congress, including the House Armed Services Committee, another delegation led by Representative Jack Brooks of Texas and yet another composed of senators Frank Church and Jacob Javits of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It you happened to arrive back from a walk to Democracy Wall or a trip around the corner shopping for art, chances are you would see US Ambassador Leonard Woodcock standing in the lobby, waiting to greet one arriving delegation or bid adieu to a departing one. An embassy functionary said that about 60 legislators were expected to visit China during the first four months of 1979. Forty came during Easter recess, including Representative Patricia Schroeder of Colorado, who entertained people in the hotel dining room and children at the US embassy by putting on an Easter bunny suit.

China treats visiting Americans a little like the way followers of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon handle potential recruits. "Love bombing" is the Moonie technique—bathing mixed-up young people in so much affection and approval that all resistance collapses. The Chinese technique might be called "friendship bombing." Warmth and attention are especially showered on visiting members of Congress. To build up a bit of suspense, visiting delegations are informed in advance that they will see a "vice premier," whom they fervently hope will be Deng Xiaoping. Practically up to the moment they are whisked to his office, they do not know whether it will be he or one of China's 12 other vice premiers. Inevitably, of course, it turns out to be Deng, who gives each set of visitors his standard lecture on Soviet hegemonism and the need for international cooperation in controlling the Polar Bear. To some visitors, Deng has been dropping the word that Cubans are fighting along with Vietnamese forces in Cambodia. This would be sensational if true, but he doesn't say how he knows, and US intelligence sources don't confirm it.

So many Americans are seeing Deng these days that it's perhaps an even bigger treat to meet with a Chinese general, as one small group of Americans recently did. There have been no official contacts between the US and Chinese military—a delegation from the US National Defense College will visit the Chinese military college soon—but word is being passed through intermediaries about what the Peoples Liberation Army is thinking and hoping for. You can't tell a general by his uniform. During the Great Cultural Revolution, military ranks were banned as examples of elitism. The way to tell an officer from a soldier in the Chinese army is by counting the pockets on his (or her) green jacket: four for officers, two for troops. But Americans have been told that, along with the return of incentives in civilian production and respect for authority in universities, there is discussion under way in the military of restoring visible rank. In the meantime, you tell a general by his age and position, or by the hushed and respectful whisper of a subordinate.

The Chinese military is refreshingly frank about why China invaded Vietnam. It was not—as the Chinese press tells the people—a "counterattack" in response to Vietnamese border violations, but "a punitive action to show Vietnam it cannot do whatever it wants to, and to give the message that the Vietnamese cannot do what the Cubans are able to do in Africa and the Middle East." The action gives the Chinese military the right to criticize the United States "for being so weak toward Cuba." The Chinese are very cocky about the Vietnam episode. "There is a saying, 'You cannot touch a tiger on its bottom,' but we proved you can touch the bottom of the Vietnamese tiger and the Soviet tiger, too," one Chinese official said. "The Soviets talked a lot and swore a lot, but never resorted to military action."

While some American officials were quaking over the prospects of a Soviet attack on China, the Chinese weren't, to hear them tell it now. (The CIA, by the way, didn't quake either, and called the whole Vietnam-Cambodia-China conflict right from the start.) The Chinese say they knew the Soviets wouldn't attack in a big way because, though there are more than 50 Russian divisions on the Sino-Soviet border, less than a third are at full strength. To attack, the Soviets would have had to move in troops from Europe, and they didn't. The Soviets might have attacked in a "medium way," say with 10 divisions, but the Chinese say they "were prepared for this," apparently by moving away from the border. "Small-scale skirmishes can happen anytime, but they didn't."

The Chinese may think they can touch the tiger on its bottom—one Hong Kong newspaper referred to the Soviets as "a paper polar bear"—but they also want American protection and military technology. Deng was quoted by visiting senators as telling them that China will "dare" to buy American weapons if the United States will dare to sell them. That's some dare. What the Chinese want is not just to buy advanced US weapons, but to obtain US licenses and patents, and to make these weapons in China. One congressional group asked if China would be willing to serve as a site for the kind of electronic listening equipment the US formerly had in Iran. Deng seemed not to have thought of it, but he warmed, and succeeding delegations heard it as a Chinese suggestion. China clearly doesn't just want to touch Russia's bottom, but wants to use the United States to grab its paw.

M.M.K.

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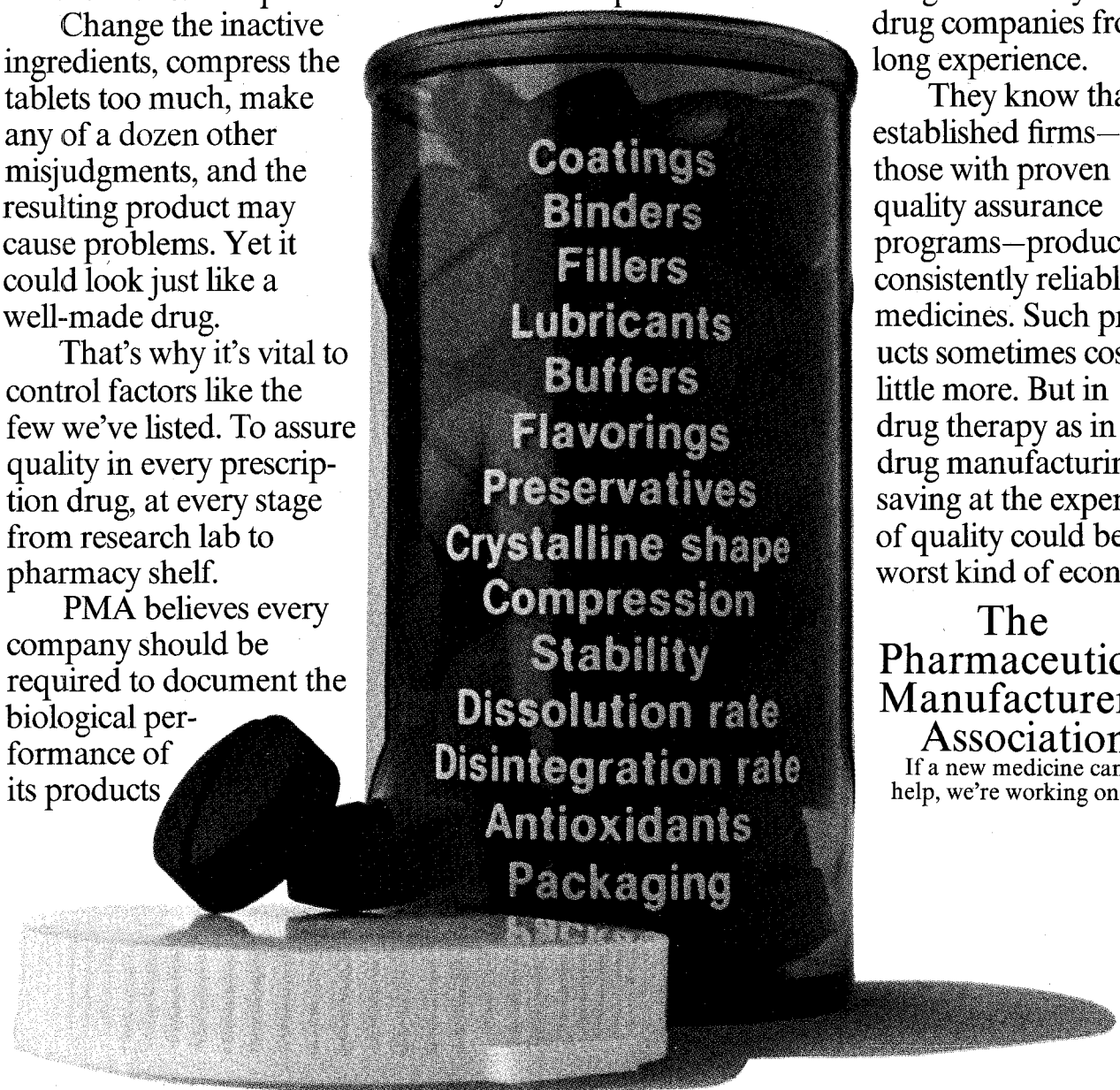

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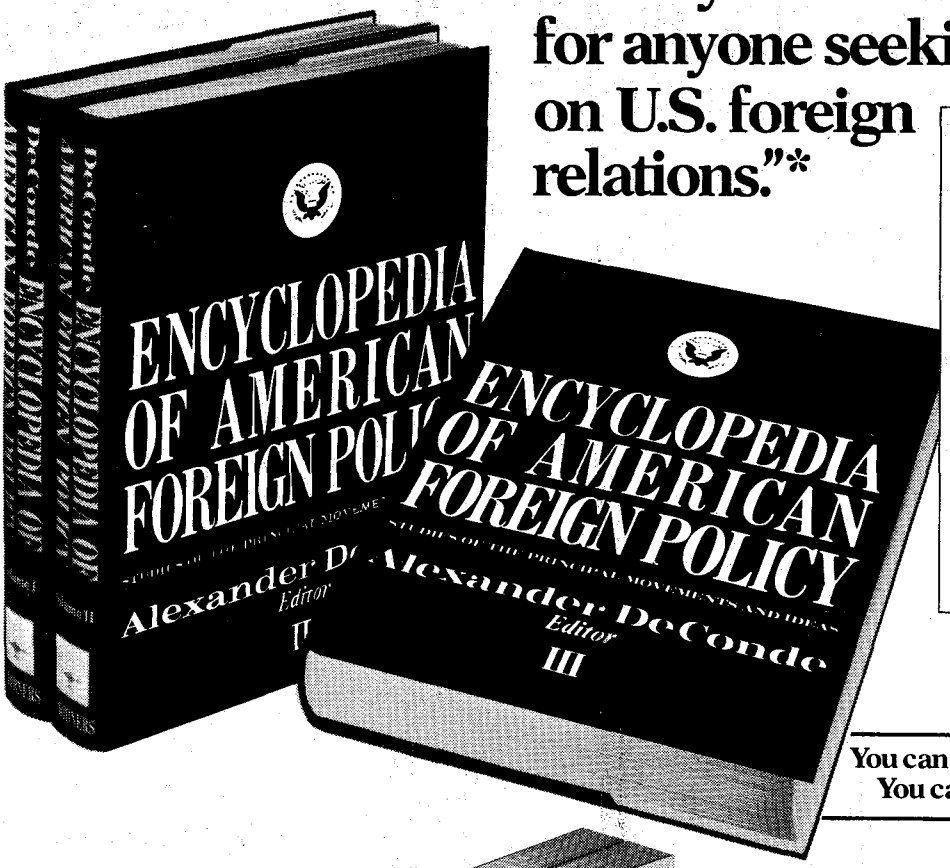

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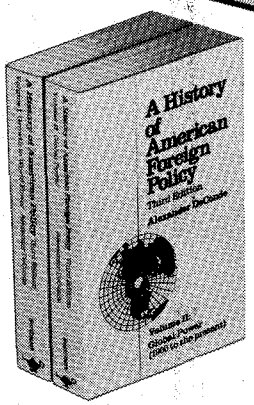

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